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MORE THAN THESE.

BY A. B.

"Only a cloud!" you, smiling, say—
"A fair and feathery cloud—
Troubling the heavens far away
For a christening robe, and a shroud."

You see but this, sweet friend; yet I,
Through all its calm can trace,
With vision keened by agony,
My battle-angel's face.

"Only a leaf, blown o'er and o'er
By winds from odorous land?"
To me, oh, darling! it is more
Than you can understand.

For, through its little sound, I hear
A voice's tender flow;
And smile because I deem him near
Who loved me long ago:

Who loves me still—though mysteries lie
Between us evermore,
Like mists that creep 'twixt sea and sky
From off the barren shore.

His patient eyes look up to mine
From every violet's cup,
And in a drapery divine
His light breath folds me up.

A cloud it may be, sweet, to you,
Who see as half the world:
A leaflet to the valley dew,
By wandering breezes hurled.

But I, with spirit like the sea's,
Leaning to solitude,
Sing softly—seeing more than these,
And knowing God is good!

WON AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRISTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

DECIMA said not another word, but, as he wished them good-bye, she gave him her hand, and looked at him with all her grateful soul in her lovely eyes.

He took the look home with him—it haunted him as he sat, smoking endless pipes, in the chair she had bought for him. It followed him to his room, where, having dismissed Hobson, he stood with her ribbon in his hand.

"I am a fool!" he said. "I am living in a fool's paradise, and I shall wake presently to find myself in—the other place. I'll burn this. Yes, I'll burn it—and—and try and forget her."

He held the poor little ribbon to the candle—but drew it back with something like a groan on his lips. The ribbon slept on his heart that night—and every night, and it's heart said to it, "I love her; I love her!" and the ribbon murmured back, "I know it!"

* * * * * *

In the morning he cursed his folly. Was this the way to forget her? To brood in the solitude of the great house over his secret love? After breakfast he came to a sudden resolution. He would go into society; he would meet the people he had avoided; see fresh faces; "divert his mind."

In the afternoon he had out his mail phaeton and pair, and drove round, paying calls. The Cattermoles, the Pettergills, and all the rest of them received him with great and scarcely concealed joy.

They thought him rather absent-minded and grim; but they were only too delighted to have him in any mood. He came back wearied to death, and in a very bad humor; and in a very few days the usual invitations poured in.

He accepted them, one and all, and went the round of the dinner-parties and festivities which, all too palpably, had been got up in his honor.

And he did his best to be agreeable, and, harder still, to be amused and "diverted." There was a large family—mostly girls at the Cattermoles, and they were all mad over him.

Gaunt was the sort of man to catch a girl's fancy. They raved about his good looks, his distinguished manners, his travels and adventures.

His very grimness—for sometimes, when he was more than usually bored, Gaunt was almost as grim as death—was voted on as an added charm; and the reputation for wildness. Well, when women cease to be women, and only then, will the wickedness of man lose its fascination for them.

He kept away from the Woodbines, and avoided the village while he was going through this course of "diversion," and, making the attempt to forget her, but, instead of forgetting her, his mind dwelt on her day and night.

She came upon him as he sat at a big dinner-party, and he would lay down his knife and fork, and look straight before him with an expression of abstraction which not seldom startled the lady who sat beside him, and to whom, a few minutes before, he had seemed all attention.

He avoided Decima; but one day he met her coming through the village. He was striding along, his head bent gloomily, the dogs running silently at his heels—how quick dogs are to understand and harmonise with their master's moods!—and he saw Decima coming towards him. She had a small basket on her arm, for she had been visiting some of her sick people.

As he raised his eyes, something shot through his heart, a dull, aching pain, for he thought she looked pale and sad. But her sweet face brightened as she saw him, and her eyes darkened with pleasure as he stopped and regarded her awkwardly and in silence; for the sight of her unnerved him.

"You have been in those cottages again; there is measles, or something, isn't there?" he said, by way of greeting.

"Oh, yes; but I've had the measles long ago. And they're nearly over now, you know. But you haven't been into the village lately, have you?"

"No," he said, looking away from her. "I—have been busy——"

"I know," she said quickly. "We have heard of your visiting, and—and dining out. And I am so glad!"

"Glad! Why?" he asked, moodily.

"Oh, because it must be so pleasant for you," she said.

"Pleasant!" he said grimly.

"Isn't it?" she said. "I should think it must be to meet new and nice people. And it was so dull for you at the Hall—all alone, and seeing no one."

"It was not dull," he said, trying to speak more cheerfully. "And if you think that a course of dinner parties is provocative of pleasure—ah, well!" He looked round. "Is everything going on all right?" he asked as he walked beside her.

Decima nodded brightly. She had been pale and sad a moment or two ago—he was sure of it! Was she pleased to see him?

"Oh, yes! We have gone on just as if you were here. Mr. Bright wanted to ask you about things; but I begged him not to worry you, but to let you go enjoying yourself."

"Thanks!" he said, through his closed teeth. "That was very kind of you."

"Yes; Mr. Bright agreed with me. He is so delighted at your going out so much."

"Oh, is he?"

"And did you hear from Bobby?"

"Yes," he said.

"He wrote me such a long letter! And he told me all about your rooms. They are beautiful, he says; only much too handsome and rich for him. And he is so proud of being a member of that fashionable club; and I was to try and thank you, because he never could. He says that he is working hard, but having 'such a good time.'"

"I am pleased to hear it," he said.

There was a silence.

His heart was beating with the joy of being near her, the delight of hearing her voice again. They reached the bridge which spanned the narrow, rippling river, and they stopped and leant on the rail, looking at the stream.

"I am going to give a big dinner," he said. "I have to feed those who have fed me, not wisely but too well. I want you to come."

Decima shook her head and smiled.

"Oh, I don't think so," she said. "Bobby's not here, you know, and father—and father would be lost in a big party. He never goes anywhere. No, I do not think I will come, thanks."

"I want you to," he said. "It will be the only thing that will make it tolerable." He paused. "The Mershons will come, I hope. You know them?"

"Oh, yes," she said, unsuspiciously. "We see more of Mr. Mershon than ever. He is always at the Woodbines. Father and he are engaged in—well, I don't know what it is; but they spend a great deal of time poring over papers. And Mrs. Sherborne is often there. I have gone out driving with her several times. It has been rather dull lately; I suppose I miss Bobby," she added, innocently. He glanced at her.

"Well, the dinner-party may amuse you," he said. "I hate the thought of it; I shall hate it worse if you will not come."

"I will come if you wish it so much, of course!" she said, with a simplicity that smote him. "Oh, look at those water-lilies!" she exclaimed, pointing to a bunch floating near the edge of the water.

"I'll get you some," he said. He went off the bridge, and knelt on the bank, and slipped back his coat and shirt-sleeves from his left arm. Decima was watching him with a soft smile in her eyes.

It was nice to have met him, to see and hear him—although he seemed so grim and stern. The day appeared to have grown brighter, and yet the sun had been shining just as it was now when she met him.

Suddenly, as he plunged his arm into the water, and drew up the lilies by their long stems, she caught sight of some black marks or scars on the bare flesh.

"What are those marks on your arm?" she asked.

He was busy cutting the stems, and was off his guard for a moment.

"Oh nothing," he said, pulling down his sleeve. "Caustic marks. I got a scratch or two from a young lion. There are the lilies. Let me put them in your basket."

She stood stock still, the blood rushing to her face and then away from it again, her eyes fixed on his face with a strange look in them.

She remembered the Zoo and the young lion, the swift outstretching of his arm to save her, the sound of the rent cloth. The lion had torn his arm, then! For a moment something beat in her heart, a pulsation which almost deprived her of breath.

She longed to take the arm, and press her lips to the black marks; for he had got them in saving her. They should have been on her arm instead of his!

Her eyes grew hot, and filled with tears, and the first thrill of love ran through her veins, though she did not know it.

Troubled, perplexed, fighting against this feeling with all a girl's instinctive dread of passion, she held out the basket; then, as soon as he had placed lilies in it, she turned her head away.

"I must go!" she said. "It is late, and—good-bye!"

And she left him suddenly, her whole being quivering. He had not seen her face—he had been engaged with the lilies—and he suspected nothing of the emotions which had swept over her young heart.

* * * * * *

That afternoon Bobby walked into the Orient, walked in with that sense of proud possession which the young man feels in his first club.

He made his way through the imposing hall with its solemn porters and stately footmen into the handsome smoking-room, and, lighting a cigarette, took up a paper—not to read, but as a screen from which he could look at the other members who were present; for Bobby was a stranger, and everyone who belonged to the Orient was of interest to him.

He knew some by sight, or from their photographs displayed in the shop windows—for there are some famous men in the club—he was wondering whether he should get to know any of them personally, when two men entered through the great glass doors.

Bobby looked at them curiously. One was a tall, fair, very fair, man, with a clean-shaven face, handsome, frank-looking, blue eyes, and lips wearing a peculiarly pleasant and winning smile.

The other was a younger man—of Bobby's age—with red hair and a pale face. He was plain; but there was something of suppressed force in the rather sullen-looking face, which was noticeable.

His eyes were somewhat bloodshot, and as he looked from side to side, they had a suggestion of ferocity—of savageness held in check by their owner—which made them still more remarkable.

Bobby took a second glance at him; then, with an exclamation, rose to his feet. For he had suddenly recognized the young man as a fellow school-fellow.

"Hallo, Trevor!" he said, holding out his hand.

The young fellow eyed him with a frown for a moment, then he said, without any great display of joy—

"Hallo, Deane. Didn't know you were in town."

"No," said Bobby, in his bright way. "It is a long time since we met!"

"Not since we left that beastly Rugby," said Trevor gloomily. "Are you staying up for any time?"

"For a month or two," said Bobby.

The fair man stood looking at them with a pleasant smile in his blue eyes and on his well-cut lips.

"A meeting of old friends, Trevor?" he said, in a soft and musical voice. "Will you introduce me, my dear fellow?"

Trevor glowered for a moment at the thick Turkey carpet, as if he had a grudge against it, then he said, sullenly—

"It's an old school-fellow of mine—Mr. Deane. This is a friend, Deane—Mr. Thorpe, Morgan Thorpe."

Mr. Morgan Thorpe held out his hand with a winning smile.

"Delighted to know any friend of Trevor's!" he said. "And very glad to find you are a member of the old club, Mr. Deane."

There was something flattering in the speech and its manner which made Bobby flush with pleasure.

"And what are you doing—just on a pleasant visit to the little village?" asked Mr. Thorpe. "Shall we sit down, Trevor? Mr. Deane, you will join us in a drink."

Bobby said he would have coffee, and it was brought in company with the soda and whiskies of the other men.

"I'm grinding for Sandhurst," said Bobby.

"Ah, I envy you!" said Mr. Thorpe, in the same flattering way. "Nothing like the service. I was in it for some years."

"What regiment?" asked Bobby, who, of course, knew his army list by heart.

"Not an English one, alas!" said Mr. Thorpe, blandly. "I was in foreign service. A free lance, Mr. Deane. A free lance! I have my brevet-colonelcy; but, of course, I don't use it here. I am a civilian in England; but, over there——" He smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. Bobby would have asked where "over there" was, but didn't like to.

"Deane—Deane? Let me see! Are you one of the Deanes of Leamington?" continued Mr. Thorpe.

"No," said Bobby. "I live at a place called Leafmore."

"Ah! I know the Deanes of Leamington very well. Leafmore?"—he shot a swift glance from his blue eyes at Bobby—"Leafmore, in Downshire? I've heard of it. Now, what shall we do? What do you say to a game of pool?"

Bobby had to confess that he didn't know billiards.

"Never too late to learn, my dear fellow!" said Mr. Thorpe. "I'm a deuced bad player myself, or I'd offer to teach you; but Trevor is a first-class performer with the stick and the sphere. Come on, Trevor, and give us both a lesson!"

Trevor got up with a kind of reluctance, and they went into the billiard-room. Trevor and Thorpe played, and Bobby took his first lesson—in marking.

Thorpe played, as he had said, indifferently, and appeared to take more interest in chatting with Bobby than in the game. He talked well; Bobby thought he had never met a more charming man, or one more frank and candid, and really, almost childlike in his genial simplicity.

In the course of an hour Bobby felt as if he had known Mr. Morgan Thorpe for years. Trevor said little; but played with a kind of moody absorption, and made some splendid breaks.

Presently Mr. Morgan Thorpe glanced at his watch.

"I say! Time, time! Dear me, how quickly it has flown. That's thanks to you, Deane!" He dropped the "Mr." already; which was really very friendly of him.

"We must be going, Trevor; we dine early, you know. Oh, by the way, Deane, I wonder whether I could persuade you to waive ceremony, and come and dine with us to night. When I say 'us,' I mean my sister and myself—and Trevor, of course. We shall be quite en famille, you know, and I can assure you that my sister will be very pleased to see you. A friend of our dear Trevor's has the surest passport—eh, Trevor?"

Trevor did not respond with a smile to the smile, but glanced at Bobby, and then sullenly made a red hazard.

"Thank you," said Bobby. "I shall be very pleased."

"Now, that's very good of you!" said Mr. Morgan Thorpe, gratefully. "We dine at seven-thirty. Early, isn't it? But you won't mind just once in a way! My sister—well, my sister is rather delicate, and goes to bed early. Seven-thirty. How stupid of me! I had forgotten the address!"

He took a card from his case, and gave it to Bobby, with a charming smile. The card bore the inscription:

MR. MORGAN THORPE.
31 Cardigan Terrace, S.W.

Bobby put the card in his pocket, said he would be punctual, and the two men left the club.

When they had got outside, Trevor said gloomily:

"Why the deuce did you ask him to dinner? It wasn't necessary. Don't know much of him—an old schoolfellow."

Morgan Thorpe smiled.

"My dear fellow, that's no reason why you shouldn't know more of him. I've taken a fancy to him; have, indeed! Besides, he will be a pleasant addition to our petit parti."

Mr. Thorpe hummed a bright little air, and Trevor muttered something under his breath. They walked to Cardigan Terrace, and Thorpe stopped outside of No. 31.

"No use asking you to come in, I suppose?" he said, blandly.

Trevor looked, with a kind of savage wistfulness up at the windows, then shook his head.

"No; I shall be there at seven-thirty."

"So long, then, dear boy," said Thorpe, and he went up the steps and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a maid-servant, a middle aged woman, with the unmistakable face and manner of a French-woman.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked, in her language.

"In the dressing-room," replied the woman, shooting a glance at the departing Trevor.

Morgan Thorpe went up the narrow stairs; the houses in the Cardigan Terrace are small—not to say poky—and knocked at the door. A low, clear voice, with a singular metallic ring in it, said, "Come in," and he entered.

The room was richly, but garishly furnished, the air was thick with perfume—there was an odor of cheap scent all over the house, by the way—and the hangings of rose pink were soiled and stained.

At a muslin covered dressing-table sat a lady. She was in a dressing peignoir—also rather soiled—over which a mass of black hair hung like a torrent.

She was small but pretty; more than pretty, for no one had ever looked at her face without being more or less fascinated. The features were small and exquisitely chiselled; her eyes were as black as sloes and remarkably expressive; they could be sharp and brilliant, and they could be soft and langorous, just as their owner chose. Her face was pale, of that ivory whiteness which sometimes goes with black hair.

She was beautifully formed, and very graceful, with hand and feet like a fairy. In short, she was a beautiful little woman, with the face and the charm of a siren; and with about as much heart.

She turned the corners of her dark eyes upon her brother for a second, then went on with her occupation, which was the application of poudre de riz to her beautiful face; and she did it with the delicate touch of a skilled and born artist.

"Well," she said, as he looked down at her with a smile; and there was a world of significance in the word.

"A new friend is coming to dinner, my dear Laura," he said.

She looked at him in the glass. "Who is it?"

"A friend of Trevor's," he said. "A young fellow by the name of Deane. Quite a boy—a charming boy."

She made a slight contemptuous move.

"Ah, do not despise the day of small things, my charming sister?" he said, lightly.

"I hate boys!" she said. "And a friend of Trevor's—sulky and sullen, and awkward as himself, I suppose!"

"On the contrary, a handsome, nicely-mannered, and, as I have said, quite charming boy."

"He will be a change, at any rate," she said. "I am getting wearied of that bear——"

"Take care you do not let the bear see it!" he said, warningly. "We have not got all the bear's skin, yet, my dear Laura.

She smiled.

"And is this boy coming only because you have taken a fancy to him?" she asked, as she drew a thin, exquisitely thin, line under her eyes. "Who—who is he?"

"Cramming for Sandhurst," he said.

She smiled contemptuously.

"I know the kind. An allowance of a hundred a year, and promised his dear, good mother down at the parsonage that he wouldn't play. Oh, I know!"

"I don't know what his allowance may be," he said, "but I fancy he will be worth a little attention, my dear Laura." He took up a newspaper which lay—with a fan, and a lady's silver cigarette case—on the couch. "See here." He read aloud—

THE GREAT ELECTRIC STORAGE COMPANY, LIMITED,
CAPITAL, $2 500 000
Directors:
Lord Borrowmore, Impecunie Castle.
Theodore Mershon, Esq., The Firs, Leafmore.
Peter Deane, Esq, Woodbines, Leafmore.

"See? A son of a man who is in the swim with Theodore Mershon ought to be worth a little attention. You are looking sweet to-night, my dear Laura. What are you going to wear? That soft yellow dress with the—er—low neck? Right! He's a nice boy. A nice, frank boy. The sort of a boy to fall in love with——" He pointed to the glass in which the fascinating face was reflected, and with a soft laugh, left the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

BOBBY dressed himself with more than his usual care that evening; spoiled half a dozen ties before he could get one to set to his satisfaction, and brushed his short but wavy hair until it shone like raw silk.

It was his first invitation to dinner since he had been in London, and he was quite in a small state of excitement about it.

Punctually at seven thirty he presented himself at 31, Cardigan Terrace, and was shown by the French maid into the small drawing-room.

It was the usual London drawing-room; there were a good many colors in it, and it looked rather gay to Bobby after the rather shabby one at home; but the cretonne was rather dirty, and there was an odor of scent and cigarettes which rather surprised him.

The door opened, and Mr. Morgan Thorpe entered. He looked very handsome in evening dress, and he welcomed Bobby most cordially.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Deane," he said, with his winning smile. "Trevor is not here yet; my sister will be down presently. Did I tell you that she is a widow? Poor girl! she lost her husband soon after her marriage.

"It was not altogether a happy union—but I must not bore you with our family history; suffice it that Time has healed her wound and restored something of her old happiness. I think you will like her, my dear Deane. She is a dear girl—for she is only a girl still—a great comfort and joy to my life."

At this moment the door opened, and the great comfort and joy of Mr. Morgan Thorpe's life entered. She certainly did look only a girl; and Bobby was startled, not only by her youth, but by her beauty. There was something about her which literally took the boy's breath away.

At that moment her face wore a pensive expression, the dark eyes were soft and sad, the red lips half apart. The beautiful dress of yellow accentuated the clear whiteness of her skin and the black hair and brows.

She held a black fan in one hand and a bunch of white flowers in the other. Altogether, she was a vision of grace and loveliness calculated to move a more experienced man than Bobby to wonder and admiration.

"This is our friend—Mr. Deane," said Morgan Thorpe. "My sister—Mrs. Dalton—Deane."

She laid down the fan, and gave her small hand to Bobby, with a smile which showed her white, even teeth to perfection, and said she was glad to see him.

Commonplace words enough, but they sounded wonderful to Bobby; for the gods, when they are in a good humor, are wont to be lavish of their gifts, and they had bestowed upon this woman not only grace of form and a beautiful face, but a soft and musical voice, which she could play on as a skilled musician plays upon his favorite instrument.

"You find our menage very small, I have no doubt, my dear Deane," said Morgan Thorpe. "We have taken this house furnished; and, though it is not all that we could desire, it is large enough for two, and my sister and I possess contented minds; though I must confess we do find the house rather small after our palazzo in Florence. It was lent to us by our dear friend, the Prince."

He did not say which prince, but Bobby was duly impressed.

"Ours has been rather a wandering life," continued Mr. Morgan Thorpe; "and, though we have many friends abroad, we have very few in London."

"Mr. Deane will be a host in himself, I am sure," said Laura, very sweetly, and with a slight foreign accent, which made her voice seem still more charming to Bobby, who blushed with pleasure.

Then Trevor came in. He did not look very much better-tempered than when Bobby had parted from him. He gave the two men a nod and a scowl, and going straight up to Laura, handed her a bouquet.

"Got them coming along," he said; "thought you'd like to have them."

She took the flowers and thanked him with a smile; and he sat down beside her and talked in an undertone. The French maid announced dinner.

"Deane, will you take in my sister?" said Mr. Morgan Thorpe.

Trevor had already offered his arm, and he let it fall to his side and scowled at Bobby as he bore Laura off.

The dining room was small, but it looked very cosy. The table was an oval, and lit by a hanging lamp, carefully shaded, which threw a soft, rose-colored light upon Laura's exquisite face.

The plate was electro—but Bobby did not know this. The glass was good. There was a plateau of beautifully-arranged flowers in the centre of the table. Champagne stood in ice on the sideboard.

The dinner was a good one, and the Frenchwoman waited with the noiseless dexterity of her nation. The champagne flowed freely, and Trevor allowed the maid to fill his glass pretty frequently.

He sat opposite Bobby, and took little or no part in the conversation, but ate the well-arranged and dainty meal with a kind of sullen appreciation.

Morgan Thorpe kept the talk going, and managed to get a good deal of information about his personal affairs from him.

Laura spoke now and again, and once or twice addressed herself directly to Bobby. She told him of her life on the Continent, of her loneliness here in London; and she looked so pensive and sad, and breathed such a soft little sigh, that Bobby's heart thrilled with pity—for what he didn't know.

When she was speaking to Bobby, Trevor watched them from under his lowered lids; and every now and then he glowered at Laura as if he resented her addressing anyone but himself.

Mr. Thorpe grew still more cheerful and amusing as the dinner progressed, and the champagne circulated, and Bobby thought the meal the most delightful he had ever eaten.

Presently Mrs. Dalton rose and gathered her fan and flowers together, and smiled sweetly on the men, her smile resting on Bobby.

"Do not leave me in my loneliness too long!" she said; and Bobby would have liked to have gone with her there and then.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe got some port and some cigarettes. Bobby felt somehow that he'd had enough wine, and declined the port, but Morgan Thorpe insisted, and filled his glass.

"Good wine! though I say it, my dear Deane. It came from the cellars of my dear old grandfather, the earl"—he didn't say which earl. "It is the only thing I am likely to have from him, alas!"

Something like a sneer passed over Trevor's thick lips as he filled his burgundy-glass with "the earl's port." As he drank—and he filled his glass several times—a faint flush rose to the pallor of his cheeks, and his eyes began to glow with a sullen fire; but he did not talk, and sat twisting his glass about, his eyes shifting from one man's face to the other.

With the port and the cigarettes, Morgan Thorpe became a still more delightful companion. He seemed to Bobby to have been everywhere, and to know everything and everybody.

He was full of reminiscences and anecdotes. It was, "I'll tell you a thing that happened to me when I was travelling in Hungary with the Duke of Seltzberg," or, "A remarkable thing happened to me when I was staying with the Prince at the Marquis of Goodwin's shooting-box in Ayrshire."

And he told all these fabulous stories so modestly and with such an air of truth, that Bobby could not but believe him.

The sound of a piano floated out to them from the drawing-room; and, as if it were a signal—which it was—Morgan Thorpe said, with a wistful glance at the decanter—

"We ought to join my sister. Will you take some more wine, my dear fellow?" Bobby shook his head, but Thorpe filled Trevor's glass again, and Trevor tossed the wine off as if it were water.

They went into the drawing room. Laura looked over her shoulder at Bobby with a smile, and Bobby, as if drawn to it, made straight for the piano.

She had a wonderful touch, and played like an artiste. Bobby had never heard such music. She played Chopin—a soft and sensuous nocturne which filled the small, perfumed room with an exquisite melody.

"Would you like some cards?" asked Morgan Thorpe, in a casual way, when the nocturne was over. "Trevor, Deane, what do you say?"

"I don't care," said Trevor. "Yes; if you like."

"Those horrid cards!" said Laura, turning, with raised brows, and a little move of disgust, to Bobby. "I hope you're not fond of cards, Mr. Deane! I think they are so tiresome."

"I don't care a bit about them," said Bobby. Then with a boyish desire to seem a man of the world, he added, "Of course I play sometimes—whist and loo."

"Don't play to-night," she said, in a low voice. "If you will not, I will sing to you; and we can talk while the others are playing. Mr. Trevor is devoted to cards."

Bobby flushed, and was speechless.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Morgan Thorpe, "if Deane doesn't care about it, you and I will have a hand at ecarte, Trevor."

He opened the card table, and got the cards, and the two men sat down and commenced to play.

"You said you would sing to me," said Bobby.

"And I will keep my promise," she said.

She sang as perfectly as she played. Her voice was not strong—a loud voice would have been too much for the small room—but it was exquisitely sweet, and managed—well, as artistically as were her eyes, her smile, her complexion.

She sang an Arab hunting-song; and Bobby could hear the thud of the hoofs upon the sand, could feel the breath of the sirocco upon his cheek.

"Sing something else!" he said.

She nodded at him, smiled, and sung a Tuscan love song. It was so exquisite, so moving, that Bobby's young and unsophisticated heart beat nineteen to the dozen. The champagne and the port, the air heavily laden with perfume, the fascination of this beautiful little creature, were mounting to his brain. He breathed hard.

"That was beautiful!" he said. "What a lovely voice you have! I could listen to you all night!"

"But I should be so tired," she murmured, with a little, plaintive smile. "Ah! but no! I love to sing for those who like to hear me, who love music—and I know you love it, Mr. Deane!"

Under the spell of her voice Bobby's head whirled. He could not speak. She rose from the piano.

"Let us see how they are going on," she said.

Light as a thistle-down, she seemed to Bobby to float across the room. She went behind Trevor, and, leaning her hands upon his shoulder, in a way that seemed to Bobby very friendly and girlish, said, gaily—

"Are you winning?"

Trevor looked up at her with an ardent look in his small eyes.

"Yes, at present," he said, nodding at a pile of money beside him.

"I am so glad," she said. "It is not very sisterly, but I like Morgan to lose."

"He doesn't lose often," remarked Trevor, glumly.

She looked at his cards, and raised her hand to the left side of her head, and stroked the soft black hair.

Morgan Thorpe glanced at her, hesitatingly. She repeated the action.

"I'll go you double this hand, if you like," he said, carelessly.

She bent over Trevor so that the soft tendrils of her hair touched his red head. He looked up at her with a sudden flush, and answered at random—

"Eh! Oh, yes; if you like. There, I've lost!" he said; and he laughed discordantly as he pushed the stakes across the table.

A fresh hand was dealt, and Laura remained behind Trevor. Something must have been the matter with her hair that night, for her white hand went up to it and smoothed it very often, now on the right side, now on the left as she bent over him.

He played wildly; the flush on his face grew redder, his eyes glanced up at her beautiful face with a kind of suppressed and sullen passion. He lost the small heap of money beside him, and the pile at Morgan's elbow grew larger.

Morgan Thorpe stroked his moustache. As if it were a signal—which it was—she went back to Bobby, who had been turning over a photograph album in which her photograph appeared frequently.

"And so you are going into the army?" she said. "How I envy you being a man."

Thereupon, Bobby was led to talk of his prospects. She listened to him, with her soft black eyes fixed on his face, with an expression of sympathy and liking.

She went to the piano again, and sang to him several times; but between the songs she flitted across the room and leant over Trevor, her hand upon his shoulder as before. And, as before, her hand wandered to her hair.

Strange to say, whenever she stood behind him Trevor lost.

At last he rose, with a discordant laugh and something like a muffled oath.

"I've lost all the coin I've got, Thorpe," he said. "Here's an I O U for the rest." He flicked the I O U across the table.

"You've had bad luck, my dear boy!" said Morgan Thorpe, pleasantly. "Ah, well, well! the beauty of cards is that what you lose one day you win the next."

"Oh! is it?" said Trevor. "I don't find it so. I'm going."

He went up to Laura, and drawing her aside, talked to her in a low voice. She listened with a pensive smile, the non-committal smile which a woman knows how to manage so well. Then she glided away from him to Bobby.

"I hope you will come to see us often," she said, in a low voice.

Bobby tried to murmur his thanks.

The French maid appeared with a spirit-stand. Bobby had some whisky, though he didn't want it. He also accepted a big cigar, though he didn't want that. His brain was in a whirl; his bright eyes were flashing; his heart was beating fast. Laura was standing beside him, smiling up at him with a friendly—almost loving—smile.

"I wonder whether you would come and dine with me?" he said, looking round with boyish eagerness, his eyes resting, however, on the beautiful face beside him. "I've got rooms at Prince's Mansions. They're not mine really; they belong to a friend of mine—an awfully good fellow—Lord Gaunt——"

Mr. Morgan Thorpe, who alone heard this, was mixing himself a second glass of whisky.

He was just pouring in a small quantity of water, and, with an awkwardness scarcely to be expected of so cool a hand, he let the carafe slip from his grasp. The water poured over the table; and in the confusion Bobby's speech was almost unnoticed.

"How clumsy of me!" exclaimed Morgan Thorpe. "Forgive me, my dear Laura! We shall be delighted, my dear Deane—delighted! Must you really be going? Ah, well! the happiest hours come to a finish."

Laura went out into the small hall as the two men put on their light overcoats. Bobby found some difficulty with his, and she helped him with her small, white hands.

"You will come again?" she said.

"Yes—yes, indeed," said Bobby. "If you will be so good as to ask me."

He got outside, and the cool evening air struck upon his heated brow. He felt as if he had come from some enchanted palace, in which a beautiful creature, with soft, black eyes, had reigned like a queen of the fairies.

"Nice people!" he said to Trevor, with boyish enthusiasm.

Trevor grunted.

"You know them very well?" said Bobby.

"Oh, yes," said Trevor, sullenly.

"What a lovely creature Mrs. Dalton is!" said Bobby, looking up at the sky.

Trevor eyed him with a kind of suppressed ferocity.

"Oh, you think so, do you?" he said. "Look here, Deane——!"

There was so much suppressed savageness in his tone, that Bobby stopped and stared at him.

Trevor bit his lip, and looked from side to side.

"We part here," he said. "Good night."

CHAPTER XV.

BOBBY woke with a headache the next morning: champagne and port do not mix very well. As he woke, he was conscious of a faint odor of perfume in the room: it proceeded from his dress clothes, and it was the scent which breathed in Mrs. Dalton's hair, the subtle perfume which emanated from her dress. Bobby must have been standing very near to her before it could have got into his dress-coat.

It recalled the previous evening, and Bobby, as he got into his bath, thought of Mr. Morgan Thorpe and his fascinating sister, and of Trevor.

Now, Bobby was not altogether a simpleton, and there were some things about the small house in Cardigan Terrace which rather jarred upon him—a headache makes you rather critical.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe was a little too suave and smiling; the rooms certainly were rather soiled and vulgar; and Mrs. Dalton—— But Bobby could find no fault with her.

She was altogether beautiful, and charming, and sweet, and he glowed when he thought how gracious she had been to him.

He thought of her all the morning, while he was grinding French and German with his "crammer;" and, lo! in the afternoon, who should call at Prince's Mansions but Mr. Morgan Thorpe himself.

"I was just passing on my way to the club, my dear Deane, he said, with his winning smile, "and I thought I would look in and ask you to go down with me."

Bobby said he should be delighted, and gave his visitor a chair.

Mr. Morgan Thorpe looked round the handsome room with interest and admiration, as if he had never seen it before.

"You have tremendously swagger chambers, my dear Deane," he said. "Your friend must be a man of nice taste, as well as wealth. What did you say his name was? I didn't catch it last night."

"Gaunt," said Bobby. "Lord Gaunt. He's a splendid fellow, and awfully generous. I'm half ashamed of accepting his offer, and living in this splendor. His place, Leafmore, is near where we live; and we see a great deal of him. He is doing wonders for the place, rebuilding the cottages, and setting up schools, and all that sort of thing."

"Ah, playing the model landlord?" said Morgan Thorpe. "Is he—er—a married man?"

"Oh, no," said Bobby.

Morgan Thorpe nodded, and looked round the room, and Bobby, following his eyes, said, with a little blush—

"I—I hope Mrs. Dalton, if she will be so kind as to dine here, will like the room!"

"Oh, Laura will be sure to admire it!" said Mr. Morgan Thorpe. "These etchings and bronzes, and fur rugs, are in her way, for, as I daresay you noticed, my dear fellow, she is artistic to her finger tips. But I'm not sure that she will come.

"She is quite a home bird, and rarely goes anywhere; but of this I am very certain, that if she were to make an exception, it would be in your favor; for, between you and me, my dear Deane, I must tell you that you made quite a favorable impression last night upon my dear girl."

Bobby colored to the roots of his hair.

"By-the-way," continued Mr. Morgan Thorpe, "I think it would be as well, perhaps, not to tell her that these rooms are not your own: she is so very particular, and she might object to come. In fact, if I were you, I shouldn't mention it to anyone."

Bobby scarcely saw the reason for this concealment, but he nodded in assent, and was full of admiration of Mrs. Dalton's delicacy.

They went down to the club, and there met Trevor; and the three men went into the billiard-room, and Bobby took his first lesson with all the eagerness of a novice. They dined together at a restaurant, and Mr. Morgan Thorpe insisted upon paying for the banquet, much apparently to Trevor's surprise, for he eyed him with a sullen curiosity and suspicion.

From the theatre, which followed, they went to a little club, where Mr. Morgan Thorpe said they could get some decent grilled bones.

It was a very different club to the Orient, and neither so large nor so quiet. A piano was going in one of the rooms, and a gentleman was singing a popular ditty; and there was a good deal of laughter, except in one corner, where some men were gathered round a green table playing baccarat.

As he called for champagne, Mr. Morgan Thorpe explained, somewhat apologetically, that he rarely visited the club, but that it was a capital place to look in at late in the evening, and for a few minutes.

On this occasion the few minutes extended to some hours; and with champagne and cigarettes Bobby had a remarkably good time of it.

As he went home, in one of the small hours, with a flushed cheek and a hot head, he felt that he was "seeing life." Now, there is nothing more flattering to youth than this conviction.

He met Mr. Morgan Thorpe nearly every day at the Orient; and in a day or two received another invitation to dine at Cardigan Terrace. As on the previous occasion, he and Trevor were the only guests. Mrs. Dalton received him with a softly-murmured welcome.

"I thought you were never coming again," she said, in her low, clear voice.

She wore a dress of old rose silk, and she looked, if that were possible, more lovely and bewitching than she had done the first night he had seen her.

As before, the dinner was excellent, and Mr. Morgan Thorpe a charming host. They went into the drawing room, and the divine Laura played and sang, and Bobby hung over her, drinking in every note, his eyes fixed on her face.

Thorpe and Trevor were playing cards, and every now and then Laura got up and went behind Trevor, leaning her hands upon his shoulders and speaking in a low, soft voice; and Trevor looked up at her with his bloodshot eyes and his thick lips apart, with the intent expression which his face always wore when he looked at her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

AMONG THE JEWS.—In Jewish marriages the woman is always placed on the right of her betrothed. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is on the left.

STILL BELIEVED IN.—Many strange superstitions are connected with sweeping the house. In Suffolk, people say that if after sweeping the room the broom is accidentally left in the corner strangers will visit the house in the course of the day; while others affirm in the Northern counties that to sweep dust out of the house by the front door is equivalent to sweeping away the good fortune and happiness of the family.

SOMETHING LIKE A BLAZE.—Prairie and forest fires, although causing widespread mischief and even ruin, do not last long. But it is on record that in the year 1400 a great wood of cypress trees in the island of Crete, one of the largest in the Mediterranean, was set fire to either by malice or by the sun's heat or other accident, and could not be put out for seven years. It is supposed that the resin in the trees kept up the burning during this vast space of time—that, in fact, the fire grew upon what it fed on.

FAVORED BY FORTUNE.—The following well-authenticated anecdote furnishes an instance of a person attaining to wealth by what is called a "lucky" accident: A poor old woman who had long earned her livelihood by knitting, one day coming to the end of her ball of worsted, found it wound on a piece of newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read. To her astonishment and delight she discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as the heir of a large property which, had she been unable to read, she might never have known anything about.

TRAPPED.—Animals caught in traps have sometimes managed to escape with trap and all, but in most cases the trap has in the long run been the death of them. This was the fate of an eagle that had flown away with a trap dangling from one of its legs. For several weeks neither bird nor trap was seen, till one day, a gentleman noticed a curious object banging from a tree-branch. Climbing up to find out what it was, he discovered that it was the eagle, quite dead. The peg and chains by which the trap had been fastened in the ground had become entangled amongst the boughs and the poor eagle had been slowly starved to death.

A PIECE OF CHALK.—David Allan, a Scottish painter of some repute, who was born at Alloa in 1744, and died at Edinburgh in 1796, learned drawing by chance, as it were. Whilst a mere lad he happened to burn his foot, and was thus made a prisoner for a time. To amuse himself he used to draw on the floor with a piece of chalk, and by constant practice became so clever at sketching, that when he went back to school he drew a picture of the teacher punishing a boy. This vigorous effort pleased the lads but angered the master, who rewarded his skill by expelling him the school. But the love of drawing had now grown so strong within him, he was sent to Glasgow, there to make a regular study of art. Afterwards he went to Rome, where his training as a painter was finished. He was known popularly as the Scottish Hogarth.

MINES.—The process by which nature forms her silver mines is very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These solutions take up small particles of precious metal which they find here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. They then rush upwards, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally, heat assists the performance of this operation. Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below the ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their lodes of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time—perhaps thousands of years—until the pocket is filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the precious metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a million hands were fetching the treasures from all sides, and hiding away a mine for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY K. R. R.

Oh, perfect day in summer time!
I see the purple shadows climb
The peaceful hills as down the west
The sun goes journeying to his rest.
While all all the valley at my feet
Is wrapped in calm as deep and sweet
As that which in my fancy lies.
About the peaks of Paradise;
And softly to my heart I say
Is heaven more fair than earth to-day?

The sky has seemed, the whole day through,
Like a great violet overturned.
Like sunshine filtering through its blue,
While idle, dreaming, unconcerned,
I lay among the grass and heard
The cricket chirp, and talk of bird,
And saw the clouds sail softly by
Between me and and the great clear sky,
Like argosies our heart sent out
To find the treasures dreamed about.

No discord mars the soft sweet air,
To which is set this day so rare!
A poem from the hand of Heaven
So seldom to poor mortals given
But yet so bright so passing fair
I read it, hear it everywhere;
And I, who am not learned, nor wise
In lore which many scholars prize,
Have talked with Nature as a friend
Whose love I fully comprehend.

And such strange things as she has told!
The secret of the sunshine's gold;
The mystery of the growing corn;
How roses break apart at morn;
What the wind whispers to the pine;
Ah, all these mysteries are mine.
But I may never tell to you
What I have heard. Your ear must be
Laid close against her heart so true
To understand each mystery.

THRO' EVIL PATHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SISTER OR WIFE?" "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE," "UNDER SUSPICION," "HER DEAREST FRIEND," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

AS I write, the scene once more rises before me in all its vividness. The far-stretching lonely road, the ordinary English landscape of gray November, the groups of leafless trees that here and there dotted the greenish-brown of the fields, the level streaks of yellow and silver along the horizon that marked the setting of the over-clouded sun, the outline of the swiftly-approaching vehicle, and the figures of the two men that occupied it.

"It is Doctor Fairfax," Margaret told me. "one of our local celebrities. But I wonder who that is beside him? It does not look like the vicar."

Already the gig had reached us, and the driver, having pulled up, handed the reins to his companion, sprang down, and was soon standing beside us in the road.

The man remaining in the gig raised his hat, and Margaret bowed; but, to my surprise, I saw that a sudden flush of rich color rushed to her cheek.

"You are quite a stranger, Doctor Fairfax," Margaret remarked. "Let me introduce my friend, Miss Meredith. No—I hope not a new patient. She has come here to recuperate."

"The Yorkshire air will be beneficial, I trust," the Doctor replied pleasantly, as he turned towards me.

Doctor Fairfax was a tall broad-shouldered man, with a face as pleasant as his voice, kindly but resolute-looking eyes, and a mouth to which a smile came naturally.

As for my being a stranger," he added, addressing Margaret, "while you all continue so absurdly healthy, what can you expect? How is Marthe?"

"She seems fairly well," Miss Beverley answered; "but, if you are going to wait for me to be ill before coming to the cottage, we shall not see you very soon."

"I have Drew with me, you see," said the Doctor, waving his hand towards the trap—"although he only came down last night.

With that the man in the gig leaned forward, and, bending down towards Margaret, she drew a little nearer to him. Then they entered into conversation like old friends, leaving me in the middle of the muddy road to exchange commonplaces with the Doctor about the weather and its eccentricities.

I noticed that the color in Margaret's cheeks was brighter than before, and that the face looking into hers was young, eager, and very handsome, although I was not sure just then that it altogether pleased me; but perhaps I was jealous of beautiful Margaret Beverley. I thought however, that I saw the unfolding of another story, and that I had by no means begun at the first chapter,

The conversation was not a very long one, although they seemed to say a great deal. The Doctor and I talked on various topics for about five minutes when Margaret, looking brilliant and lovely, returned to us.

"Sir Duncan Drew has promised to pay us a visit this evening, Doctor," she informed him. If you and your sister will come too, we might have a little music. Come, for Miss Meredith's sake? Think how tired of the place she will get if we have a spell of wet weather."

"I am sure Lucy will be delighted," returned the Doctor—"she was talking about you only this morning, and I—I will do my best. Good-bye, now—good-bye! And get home; it is too late and cold for you to be out. Make haste home. I would drive you, but, you see, I can't take two."

"No, no," we simultaneously protested, "we came for a walk."

Doctor Fairfax then returned to the gig and took his seat.

"Good-bye, till this evening!" cried Margaret, as he gathered the rein. Then Sir Duncan Drew raised his hat, bowed, and smiled, and the Doctor, nodding and laughing cheerily, drove away.

"What a charming man!" I remarked, as we plodded homewards.

"Yes," replied Margaret, rather shyly—"another of our celebrities. He has just come into possession of the estate and Drew Castle by the death of his cousin. A few months ago he was an almost penniless artist, with hardly any expectations.

"The last Sir Duncan died abroad quite suddenly just about the time his marriage was to have taken place."

Margaret was talking about the Baronet, but I was thinking of the Doctor.

* * * * * *

That evening proved a very pleasant one, as all three guests arrived about eight o'clock, driving up from the village in the brougham which Doctor Fairfax kept for stormy weather.

Miss Fairfax was a small, rosy-cheeked, good-tempered little woman, about ten years older than her brother, but reaching only up to his shoulder.

She had kept house for him, so Margaret told me, ever since he had had one to keep; but, previous to that, had made a home for him in hers.

They were the best friends in the world, and the arrangement apparently suited Doctor Fairfax splendidly, as he seemed to have no idea of marrying. In fact, he had said that he had no time for such an undertaking.

Sir Duncan Drew sang well; he looked like a singing man, I thought, when I saw him in evening-dress.

He was of the true artistic type, not unmanly—but, oh, so ridiculously handsome! Margaret, also, I discovered, had a good voice—soprano and Miss Fairfax played accompaniments with taste and unfailing goodwill.

The Doctor and I, being left to our own devices, sat down to a quiet game of chess. He played exceedingly well, and seemed rather nettled, I thought, when, after a rough battle, I gave him the final "check."

For the rest, nothing of any importance happened, except that we had a visit from Mrs. Beverley. There was a tap at the door during one of Margaret's songs, and then, before any one could answer, the most radiant vision I ever saw entered the room.

Miss Beverly's stepmother was arrayed in full evening dress of pale-blue satin, the train being embroidered with a border of delicately-tinted roses. Real hot-house roses clustered at her bosom, some of Margaret's diamonds were around her white neck and glittered in her soft cloudy-brown hair, while the petticoat of her dress was white satin gleaming with some opal tinted tissue.

Eyes and hair, I saw at a glance, were like Marthe's, but her features, complexion, and expression had the indescribable charm of a lovely child's, brightened by the fascinating sweetness of conscious womanhood.

Mrs. Beverley held up one small white finger as she stood there, so that no one might disturb the singer—Margaret, who had her back to the door, and was unaware of her stepmother's presence.

Sir Duncan, as he leaned upon the piano, was facing the new-comer, and I saw the look of amazed admiration that came into his eyes, and the start of surprise with which he greeted her entrance.

I should hardly blame him, for I was fairly taken aback myself. It seemed impossible to dream of evil in connection with this lovely creature. Only Doctor Fairfax remained unmoved, and, after the first glance, went on with his game again, with rather a cynical expression, I thought.

The song came to an end, and Margaret turned away from the piano. It was a moment I had been waiting for with some curiosity, owing to my unfortunate penchant, for "situations."

I saw the look of wonder, followed by one of proud contempt, sweep over Margaret's face, and I knew that she was greatly annoyed. But her stepmother gave her no time to express her mortification.

Having advanced with apologetic grace, Mrs. Beverley said—

"How can I excuse myself? My dear child, I had not the slightest notion that you had friends! But I am obliged to go out this evening—obliged, unfortunately—and as Marthe does not seem very well, I thought I would come and ask you to see her—and now, here is the doctor! Could anything, in one sense, be more fortunate?" Smiling like a seraph she extended her hand to the doctor, who took it, I thought, with very bad grace.

"I will look in and see Miss Marthe before I leave, Madame," he replied, hardly looking away from the chess board. "Your coming is certainly opportune!"

There might have been a double meaning in his words, for Mrs. Beverley turned rather sharply away. She said "Thank you!" very sweetly, but the curved smiling lips tightened a little.

Meanwhile no one seemed inclined to introduce her to Sir Duncan or myself, or to encourage her in any way to remain. Margaret stood silent and rigidly upright, seeming to me like a defiant Diana in the presence of an infantile Venus.

The Baronet still leaned against the piano in the background, but it struck me that Mrs. Beverley did not overlook either him or his unmistakable look of admiration.

The sweep of her magnificent brown eyes, as she turned from the doctor towards Miss Fairfax, who had just risen from the music stool, seemed to draw the younger man within their mysterious influence. The next moment Mrs. Beverley was saying pretty nothings to Miss Lucy, who however proved as unresponsive as her brother.

After that there was nothing left for Marthe's mother but to go, and she effected her exit with a certain dignified grace that was almost as telling as her entrance.

Sir Duncan sprang forward, as though he would have held the door open for her, but, to my surprise, Doctor Fairfax forestalled him, and performed the office with a great deal of formality, bowing low as she passed out of the room.

When Mrs. Beverley had departed not a word was said as to her visit or its purport.

The music and the chess went on as before, but it seemed to me that some little time elapsed before either Margaret or Sir Duncan quite recovered from the effects of Mrs. Beverley's sudden appearance.

Before leaving, Doctor Fairfax fulfilled his promise of going to see Marthe. He was nearly twenty minutes, and, when he returned, called Margaret into the passage to speak to her. When, a few moments later, they re-entered the room together, I thought they both looked very grave.

After the departure of her guests, Miss Beverley seemed inclined to linger near the fire, so I remained with her, rather hoping she would make some remark concerning the events of the evening, as also to learn whether there was anything seriously wrong with Marthe.

"No," Margaret replied, in answer to my question on this latter point; "she is only a little feverish and excited, Doctor Fairfax says. He is going to send her some soothing medicine, and I am to go across to see that she takes it, for he has a great dislike to Sophie. At the same time he is puzzled, as the child has such curious fancies."

"She lives too sedentary a life, and would be better at school—among other children," I hazarded.

"Yes—her imagination is over-wrought. She has been telling the doctor all sorts of stories to-night. She says that she wakes from her sleep and hears the violins in the empty theatre below, and that she is afraid to tell 'mamma' or Sophie, because once when she spoke of it she was severely punished."

"Poor little soul!" I responded. "Surely something might be done!"

"Yes," agreed Margaret, breathing a heavy sigh—"but that something is very difficult to determine. One can hardly be certain that she was telling the truth—that she really thought she heard these things—that it was not all pure invention for the sake of creating sympathy."

"Do you think a mere baby like that could really be capable of such deception?" I inquired.

"I don't know—she is quite unlike any other child. I never knew any one capable of persisting in an untruth as she occasionally does. When she says, 'Mais je l'affirme,' I generally suspect that she is inventing. She uttered that sentence to the doctor to-night, and he sent Sophie out of the room purposely that Marthe might talk."

"Does he credit her with speaking the truth?" I asked.

"He thinks that she believes what she says, and imagines that it has all occurred."

"Surely it is strange of Mrs. Beverley to leave her night after night with servants!" I remarked.

Margaret shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing is strange," she replied, "Everything here is as it should not be. It is impossible, too, for me to interfere, as Mrs. Beverley is not only the child's mother, but her appointed guardian. My position is a very delicate one."

I could tell that it was so, and a vague foreboding came over me. Margaret sat for awhile staring into the fire, lost in sad thought, till at last Clarice came in with the medicine for Marthe.

Miss Beverley took it from her, and then looked at me rather oddly, I thought—as though seeking to decide a question with herself.

"I believe I am nervous to-night," she said, after a pause. "Would you mind coming with me to the west wing?"

"I will accompany you with pleasure," I replied cheerfully, and we went away together, I carrying the lamp, Margaret the bottle of medicine.

But as we traversed the silent lonely passages, I felt that to resolve to keep clear of the affairs of the Beverley family was quite useless.

The west wing proved to be much more luxuriously appointed than any part of the house I had yet visited.

It was lighted with electric lamps, carpeted with the thickest and softest of carpets, and was evidently furnished throughout in the newest and most expensive style.

When outside Marthe's door we paused, and I was prepared to wait for Margaret in the passage.

"I want you to come in," she whispered, "and also to promise not to lose sight of me for a single instant."

Wondering greatly at her words, I nodded my head.

We entered the room together, and found Marthe, flushed and excited, sitting up in her little white bed, while Sophie was sitting by the fire doing fine needlework.

The woman looked up when we entered, and I thought I saw an expression that was almost evil in its intensity as her glance alighted upon me, although she rose very politely.

"Here is Marthe's medicine, Sophie," said Miss Beverley. "Will you give me the measure glass?"

"Oh, Margaret, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed the child, stretching out her arm impulsively.

"Hush, little one! Do not get excited, but keep quiet and take the draught, and possibly you will be quite well in the morning," I advised the little invalid.

"Why did Mademoiselle accompany you?" inquired Marthe, rather rudely.

"Because I asked her to be so kind as to come. You should not be disagreeable with those who wish to love you, Marthe," replied Margaret.

The child's face softened. Sophie came forward with the medicine glass, which she seemed to have been cleansing at the washstand. As the woman handed it to her, Miss Beverley held it to the light.

"It is still rather cloudy," she remarked.

A small tray stood near, together with a bowl of milk and a napkin. Margaret took the napkin, carefully wiped out the glass, and once more, held it to the light. This time the measure seemed perfectly clear, and Margaret poured out the draught and handed it to Marthe.

Remembering Miss Beverley's request, my attention did not wander from her for a moment.

The child drank off her medicine in the most exemplary fashion, and very soon it seemed to take the desired effect. When she showed signs of drowsiness we both kissed her and stole quietly away.

Once more within her own room Margaret said—

"You must think me very silly; but I have a great dislike to that woman—almost a dread of meeting her alone or being in her presence—and to-night I feel really unhinged. Mrs. Beverley's visit—and so many other things have occurred."

"Does she often favor you in this manner?" I asked—"Mrs. Beverley, I mean."

"Certainly not—she doesn't come this

side of the house once in six months. Of course to-night there was a reason."

"To ask you to see Marthe?" I queried.

"Do you really suppose that was her object? Do you honestly believe, that she did not know that we were not alone?" inquired Margaret scornfully.

"Why, she is aware of my every movement. She knew not only that I had guests, but who they were, and was determined to seize the first opportunity to see and be seen by Sir Duncan Drew."

Margaret spoke with so much bitterness that I could only remain silent.

"Listen," she continued presently, "you have been very good to me to-night, and I feel that I can trust you. I see that Doctor Fairfax likes you, and I can depend upon his judgment. He knows everything connected with this house, and if you are to be my friend I may as well be frank with you—at any rate, so far as I personally am concerned.

"Rather more than three years ago—just before my father went abroad—Sir Duncan, then plain Mr. Drew, was staying here for several months with Doctor and Miss Fairfax. I—I saw a great deal of Duncan—and—and——"

"He loved you, Margaret," I interrupted, drawing nearer to her? "And what more natural? How could he help it?"

The rich warm color flooded her cheeks once more.

"My father disapproved of him," she continued. "He—Duncan—was poor then, and I was rich, or supposed to be. When dad went away I promised that I would hold no communication with Mr. Drew during his absence.

"I kept my word, but I have reason to think that my father was led to believe that I had broken it. Then, as you already know, came the great change. We were both poor, and could not think of marriage. Duncan was struggling and hampered in a hundred ways, so that I felt it was better that I should remain here.

"We heard of each other through the Fairfaxes; but, within the past few months, the positions of Mr. Drew and myself have become reversed. I did not ask him to come here to-night; he proposed it, and I thought it was better then to ask them all.

"Drew Castle is dreadfully out of repair and hardly habitable. The last owner lived almost entirely abroad, and Sir Duncan is staying with the Doctor while arrangements are being made for the necessary alterations. That is all."

That was all, except that my poor Margaret was almost distracted with the doubts, hopes, and fears born of a great love.

I also began to understand why Mrs. Beverley had contrived to appear in all her splendor before the astonished eyes of Sir Duncan Drew.

Before we separated for the night I put the question which I had in my mind about Clarice.

"She is devoted to me," Margaret assured me. "She was Mrs. Beverley's maid when my stepmother first married, and afterwards became Marthe's nurse. The removal of the child from her care makes her dislike both Sophie and her old mistress—and few English women can either hate or love like a French woman. She also fully understands the situation as no stranger could, and has never lost her respect for me as the rightful heiress. Clarice is useful to me in a hundred ways."

Tired as I was when I went to bed, I lay awake some time thinking over the events of the day.

With a shudder, I thought I could understand the nature of the fears that had prompted Margaret to desire my presence while she gave Marthe her medicine.

But one thing that puzzled me was—why should Mrs. Beverley, having successfully carried out her manœuvres and secured her own position, continue to show antagonism to the girl she had worsted?

This first day of surprises and excitement at Beverley was succeeded by a time of tranquility and pleasant experiences that nearly put my fears and suspicions out of my head.

We saw a great deal of the party at the Doctor's house in those days. Expeditions were made to Drew Castle that we might all give our opinions concerning the renovations in progress there; but I noted with pleasure that it was really only Margaret's ideas and wishes that the owner cared anything about.

On these occasions a luncheon was extemporized in one of the more habitable rooms, and we invariably returned to dine at the Doctor's, usually spending the evenings in music and chess.

My opinion of Sir Duncan grew more favorable as I saw his devotion to the girl who had loved him when he was poor, and Margaret was evidently so ecstatically happy that I could find no cause of foreboding, while I was myself more serenely content than I ever remembered to have been in my life, without quite understanding why.

Doctor Fairfax and I quarreled and fought over chess and other important matters, and made it up again, and I liked him the better after every tiff. Miss Lucy acted as chaperon with perfect good temper and unvarying kindness, and every one seemed satisfied.

Mrs. Beverley troubled us no more for some time. She continued to dress very expensively, and enjoyed all the gaiety that was within her reach.

This, I learned, consisted chiefly of subscription balls at S——, and entertainments given by the visitors stopping in the town, or such of the residents and lesser gentry of the neighborhood as either did not know her history, or were glad to receive a Beverley, at any price.

My heart ached often for little Marthe. I used to see her sometimes walking with Sophie in the grounds, or notice her pale little face pressed to the window pane as we passed the west wing.

But Margaret seemed very shy of allowing her to come to the cottage, or in any way encouraging her in seeking our companionship.

About a fortnight before Christmas, Sir Duncan announced his intention of moving to the Castle. One suite of rooms was ready for his use, and among them a studio, which he had specially ordered to be built.

It was the first change towards breaking up our party. Every day I hoped that Margaret's engagement would be definitely announced, but my hopes were continually disappointed.

Sometimes I thought that the delay was of her own causing, and that Sir Duncan was hurt at the betrothal being so often delayed.

It seemed to me that the girl was unwise, for I feared that he might grow weary, besides which I could not fathom her motive.

One day we were driving in the neighborhood of the Castle, which was situated about six miles from Beverley, the village being two miles from the Hall, and the Castle four miles on the other side.

Nearly a week had elapsed since we had seen Sir Duncan. That his time was greatly taken up with builders and architects was a recognized fact; but he had asked Margaret to come some afternoon to the Castle, take tea, and see how the work was progressing.

As we neared the lodge, I suggested that she should act upon the invitation. I professed to be cold, tired, and longing for a cup of tea without the trouble of driving home for it.

Miss Beverley hesitated a little; and, to clinch the matter, I added that, although I detested doing anything that might be misconstrued, it was too absurd to be prudish in the circumstances, I being of mature age, and the Castle filled with work people. She laughed, and I felt that I had gained my point.

We were within a few yards of the lodge gates when a carriage and pair of grays came rolling up in the opposite direction, and passed in before us.

We were sufficiently near not only to recognize the Beverley liveries, but to catch a glimpse of the occupant. That soft billowy heap of gray velvet and fur was certainly worn by none other than Mrs. Beverley.

On Margaret's face I saw a momentary expression of deep chagrin; then she whipped the pony of our modest little village cart, and drove rapidly past on the homeward road.

We hardly spoke, either of us, until an hour or so later, when we met in the sitting room of our afternoon tea. Then I said indignantly—

"A piece of gross impertinence!"

Margaret tried to smile.

"Perhaps," she remarked gently, "she was an invited guest."

"I feel sure she was nothing of the kind," I declared. "It was just the sequence of her intrusion here. She must have hunted up some excuse such as, 'Will Sir Duncan be so very kind as to allow her to consult the architect, or the decorator—or somebody of that kind—about a little alteration she is anxious to make at Beverley?' et-cætera."

I felt so angry that I really succeeded in imitating Madame Beverley's soft voice fairly well, and in making her stepdaughter laugh.

"But really, Margaret," I added, rather impatiently, "I think you have only yourself to thank. I feel sure that, had you chosen, you might long ago have rendered such a contretemps impossible. I cannot understand you."

She bent her head over the tea cups, and, when I saw how her hand trembled, I almost repented my hasty words.

"I can hardly understand myself," she admitted, in a low tone; and I was surprised that she was not angry.

Sir Duncan called at the cottage the following afternoon, and broached the subject of Mrs. Beverley almost immediately.

"Imagine," he said—"I was surprised by a visit from la belle mere yesterday! I had hoped that you would honor me, and you can guess my disappointment. She asked leave to consult my architect as to whether a new door she wishes to have constructed would interfere with the safety of the west wing."

I glanced triumphantly at Margaret.

"But," I interposed, "how can any architect decide that unless he sees the building?"

"Oh, of course he'll have to ride over!" replied Sir Duncan carelessly.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days after this I met Doctor Fairfax in the park. He was riding on his way to visit Marthe, who had a rather severe cold. When he saw me he dismounted, and walked a short distance by my side.

"How's Margaret?" he asked presently.

"Pretty well, thank you," I answered.

"Only pretty well? I am not surprised. Can't you say a word to her?"

"A great many, I have no doubt; but what particular sort of word?"

"Well, give her a hint about Duncan. He's a real good fellow, and has been faithful for a long time and through a good deal; but a man won't stand being played fast and loose with for ever, you know."

I did not care about that, "you know," nor the way that the Doctor looked at me, almost as though the words bore some private and personal application. Therefore I responded rather curtly—

"Won't he? I don't know anything about it."

"Humph!" ejaculated my companion. "Well, perhaps you will convey the result of my experience to Margaret. Duncan has spoken to me, and says that she won't give him a chance of getting their little affair settled.

"Now, considering the terms they were on in the old days, it is not fair to him. If she doesn't look out she will have more serious cause for regret than she imagines, unless she has definitely changed her mind.

"Madame has been to the Castle more than once lately; she has developed artistic tendencies, and has proposed to sit for her portrait in the new studio. Duncan is too much of an artist to refuse a good model."

I was thoroughly taken aback. It would be difficult to foresee the extent of the unhappiness that might accrue to my poor Margaret from this woman's audacity. Certainly Mrs. Beverley had the virtue of l'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace. As for her step-daughter, I knew perfectly well that her hesitation was not due to indifference.

"I have already tried to give Margaret a hint," I explained to the Doctor; "but I will find an opportunity this evening to tell her a portion of what you say. I think the portrait business had better be left out of the question for the present."

Then we separated, for we were drawing near the house, and I had no wish to be suspected of a private conference with Doctor Fairfax.

That night I talked very seriously to Margaret, from the position, as I told her, of an elder sister, and with the most happy results. She told me that she had that afternoon received a note from Sir Duncan asking to see her alone on the morrow.

Her hesitation hitherto, she confessed, had risen partly from the fear that, under their changed positions, he might feel himself bound in honor to renew his offer of three years previously, and partly from an impression which haunted her, that she ought not, at present, to think of leaving the cottage.

"I often feel," she added dreamily, "as if there were some work here for me to do to which I have not yet even found the clue."

But I endeavored to laugh away her fears, and when we separated it was understood that after the following day there should be no further possibility of misunderstanding between herself and Sir Duncan Drew.

The next morning proved to be lovely, one of those soft balmy days which occasionally visit us even in December.

Sir Duncan had appointed three o'clock as the hour of his visit. Margaret seemed restless and wandered out into the Park, while I remained in my own room writing letters.

What happened I learned afterwards from Miss Beverley herself.

It appears that she had rambled about a quarter of a mile from the house to a spot where the trees grow rather thickly, when she saw Marthe approaching her with Sophie, apparently returning from a walk. To Margaret's great surprise the latter stopped.

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle," said the woman; "but may I leave Marthe in your charge for a few moments, I have forgotten to post a letter for madame, and she charged me particularly. I shall go very quickly by the path—too quickly for Marthe, who is already tired, and the grass is wet and long."

It was almost impossible for Margaret to refuse, and Sophie sped away. The time passed rapidly, and the sisters, who really loved each other, though so seldom together, wandered about in the mild sunshine, always however keeping near the spot where Sophie had left them.

Margaret felt unusually buoyant with the near prospect of happiness, and, forgetful of her cares, played with the child almost as though they were of an age. For some time they carried on a mild game of hide and seek, one or other hiding behind a tree.

Presently, Miss Beverley noticed a village woman in the distance gathering sticks that had fallen from the trees. That was a privilege always granted to the villagers in the winter, and the presence of the woman caused her neither anxiety nor surprise.

There was no one else in sight, and it became Marthe's turn to hide; Margaret was to turn her back until the "whoop" was given, that she might not see which tree her little sister had chosen.

The signal seemed delayed an unusually long time, so Miss Beverley turned round and called, "Marthe! Marthe! Where are you? Are you not ready. I am coming to look for you." There was no response, and in a state of alarm Margaret hurried from tree to tree, but Marthe was not to be found.

Then the elder girl thought that probably the child had gone to the house. Perhaps Sophie had returned, and Marthe loved nothing better than a bit of mischievous fun.

In the distance Margaret saw the figure of the village woman, apparently laden with sticks, going in the direction of the mansion.

Of course she would have seen what had occurred, so Margaret determined to overtake her and inquire before leaving the spot. She pursued the woman for a few minutes, steadily gaining upon her, still calling "Marthe" from time to time.

All at once the supposed villager vanished behind a group of trees. Margaret hurried on, but all to no purpose. A few moments after, Sophie returned.

"Where was Mademoiselle Marthe?" she panted. She—Sophie—had been unreasonably delayed by that owl of a postmistress."

Margaret explained what had occurred, and Sophie, darting upon her an evil look, fled towards the west wing of the house. Miss Beverley remained hunting about and calling out the child's name, but without avail.

Whatever could have become of that woman with her burden of sticks, who had seemed to be going so slowly? The poor girl's heart sank with dire foreboding.

Ten minutes elapsed, and Sophie came flying back, accompanied by a stable boy and a gardener.

The search then began in real earnest, and every inquiry was made, but without result. No trace could be discovered of either the woman or Marthe.

Presently Madame appeared upon the scene, and it seemed that until now she had not left her dressing room, for Sophie, on her return to the house, had not dared to tell her that her child was missing.

All this time, I, busy with a long letter to my mother, knew nothing of what was occurring although my windows overlooked the Park until Clarice came to me in great distress.

"Oh, Mademoiselle," she exclaimed, to which she had given me the details of the affair, "I am most sorry for Miss Beverley! As for Marthe, she will no doubt be found; she has been taken by that evil woman with a view to a reward. But my poor young lady! Ah, they will say always that it was her fault, if not her doing that she was anxious to get rid of her little sister that she might regain her inheritance!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY G. L. M.

I feel the kisses of the soft south wind
Upon my fevered brow;
I hear the murmur of the brook that runs
Across the verdure now!

And whispering memories of that early time
When life, a summer stream,
Went rippling through a meadow full of flowers,
Under the boughs of green.

Oh, blithe heart, singing for a tender day
Whose shining hours are fled,
Bring back the burden of that little song
Wherewith to crown my dead!

Oh, bright eyes, beaming at the summer's call
To rose and lily blooms,
Scatter thy tears in April showers above
His flowerless winter-tomb!

Oh, warm breath, breaking into gusts of joy
Across his narrow bed,
Bring pansies, full of purple fire, to wreathe
About my darling's head!

Oh, breeze of morning, blowing over the hill,
Straight from th' eternal dawn,
Cheer me with gentle songs, along the road
Down which my heart has gone!

Oh, shadows of the crimson sunset-time
Fled down the dusk of years,
Lean over me, and bring me happier dreams
To charm away my tears!

Mad Bess.

BY R. S.

I MUST confess I felt awfully fagged, hot and cross-grained as I counted the weary miles along the white, sweltering, dusty Trunk Road of the Deccan, while I marched in the broiling sun with my detachment of 100 men, on our return journey from taking treasure to an outstation some 200 miles off.

Over a whole blessed month had we been on the tramp, and we were just now at the commencement of the hot weather, when the morning sun always appeared to me to have a most searching and enervating effect.

We were, however, now only one march from our headquarters, and, tired, listless, dusty and footsore as the men were, they tried to put on a final spurt, so as to announce their arrival among their comrades with some eclat and spirit, if perchance we met any by the way.

The broad macadamised road was bordered on each side with magnificent banyan and other umbrageous trees, forming in some places a complete leafy arch of verdure over our heads, but, there being no wind moving, the air under the avenue seemed more stifling than in the open.

Long trains of bullock carts carrying grain and other produce now and again passed us, otherwise the road was singularly devoid of life and interest.

One or two small villages lying at some distance from the main track, a native choultry or rest-house by the wayside, being the only signs of human habitation in the wild desolate expanse of sunburnt scrub jungle interspersed with reaches of sand through which we steadily trudged.

Suddenly coming towards us, my ear detected the quick, sharp ringing sound of a thoroughbred horse being driven at a good swinging pace, and at a turn of the road a well-appointed dog cart hove in sight, a large powerful black Australian between the shafts, the reins held by the smartest whip of the district and nem. con. the best judge of horseflesh in Central India, Jim Boyd of the Engineers.

As soon as he spied my jaded and sorry form in advance of my lugubrious detachment, he flourished his whip, in token of greeting, and quickening his horse's speed, was soon alongside of me as I halted for a chat.

"Bound for the station, I suppose? The colonel told me you were expected tomorrow," Jim questioned, after the first hearty words of welcome and recognition had passed between us.

"Well, I must say, old fellow, you look rather done up after your three months' tramp. Why didn't you wait at my camp for breakfast? You passed it on the road near Chittagherri."

"Never set eyes on it," I returned. "I was so beastly sleepy this morning, not having had a wink of sound sleep for nights together, that I was nodding in the early part of the march, and noticed nothing. Besides, it was not light when we passed through Chittagherri."

"Well, look here, you send the men on to the next camping ground, and come with me to spend the day.

"I've lots of gup for you, and I'll send you back on one of my spare horses in time for you to make all needful preparations for your triumphal entry into the station in the morning."

I demurred for a few moments before acceding to the proposal. But it was too tempting an offer to be lightly refused.

I gave the necessary directions to the subadar for the continuance of the remaining four or five miles' march to the last halt before reaching headquarters, dismounted from my horse, giving it in charge of the horse keeper, and sprang into the dog cart to accompany Boyd back to his camp.

The whole aspect of affairs had changed. I felt once more lively, sociable and fit; so much does the face of a friend sharpen a man's countenance.

Boyd was a delightful companion, clever, witty and well read, a clear head for business, and a thorough man of the world. A general favorite wherever he went, I, for one, always much appreciated his society. It was not often I could enjoy it exclusively.

Moreover he was boss in the engineer department, and traveled with all the luxury and state of a prince, while he superintended the repairs of some large irrigation works in the district.

I knew I should find every civilized comfort in his temporary capacious abode of canvas, very different to my scanty camp accommodation and regulation outfit.

As we tooled rapidly along the road I related my doleful experiences—the little shooting I had enjoyed to beguile the tedious hours, and the miserable fare with which my boy factotum en chef had striven to tempt my appetite.

"Never mind, old boy, if a night's rest can fatten you up, you shall have one this evening that will make you forget all former miseries, and I'll fortify you with a bottle of Monopole for your return ride."

"Don't overdo it, Boyd," I laughed, "or I may never arrive at the camp."

"Never fear," replied Boyd, "I'll put you on old Czarewitch, who'd carry my grandmother blindfold, without turning a hair."

After traversing four or five miles, we descried the white gleam of tents by the roadside under a fine mango tope; and were soon in the grateful shade of the canvas discussing a sumptuous breakfast.

The day passed rapidly and pleasantly enough. My friend was for part of the morning engaged on business matters, while I luxuriated in a long camp chair, lazily dipping into the last European papers, and enjoying a delicious interim of dolce far niente as I drowsily glanced out from under the awning of the tent on to the sultry plain shimmering in the hot air of an Indian noontide.

At tiffin time Boyd intimated that he had to change his camp on the morrow to visit an anicut on a small river a few miles distant, and some tents and baggage had already been dispatched to his next resting place; his horses were going that afternoon, with the exception of the one he would ride himself in the morning and the one reserved for me.

In the afternoon, when a cool breeze had risen and the shadows were lengthening, we strolled along the bund of the large tank where the repairs were going on, and made up, with pot shots, a very tolerable bag of wild duck and teal.

So interested were we with our sport that it was later than we bargained for when we returned to the tents, and dinner was hastened on my account.

A right royal feast it was, dainties fit for the gods, after my long sojourn in the wilds, I did the repast full justice; for I must confess to the soft impeachment of being a bit of an epicure in my way.

Anyhow, I have no sympathy with those men who will eat without demur any fearful mess dished up on the spur of the moment during a march or shooting expedition, and declare they enjoy it more than a well-cooked dinner from the hands of a first-rate chef.

At a little after eight o'clock I looked at my watch and broached the advisedness of making tracks for my camp. Boyd, calling his boy, ordered Czarewitch to be saddled for "Seton Sahib."

I fancied I detected a blank look of bewilderment in the man's face as he salaamed and noiselessly departed to fulfil the order.

In a minute or two he returned; his expression of bewilderment had given place to one of veritable fright and anxious deprecation.

I noticed he kept as far from his master as convenience permitted. (Boyd had a hasty temper, and report said was rather free with the extreme point of his boots when offended by the natives.)

"Please, Master Sahib, 'Zarweetch not here, done gone with master's horses to Panicottah," the man said hurriedly in a low, nervous voice.

"What!" shouted Boyd, springing up with alacrity from his long-armed chair, and looking thunder and lightning at the quivering native.

"What the deuce do you mean, you rascal! Didn't I give strict orders that Czarewitch was to stay behind for this gentleman to ride into Tenkasi?"

"True, Sahib. I done tell Shiniah; he say he no understand master's order. Only keep Mad Bess for master ride tomorrow morning."

Boyd made use of some strong expletives; the boy increasing the distance between them by scarcely perceptible stealthy backward footsteps. After this futile explosion, which seemed to relieve him, Boyd turned to me.

"Well! old fellow, here's a pretty mess, all through these confounded idiots. What's to be done? For," he continued with some hesitancy, and eyeing me askance, "you wouldn't ride Mad Bess, would you?"

For the second time that day I demurred. Ride Mad Bess! Well, no! Under any ordinary circumstances I should have given an emphatic refusal. The mare's fame was widespread.

Only Boyd himself had ever mastered her; she was, by all repute, a dangerous, vicious runaway, an inveterate bolter, and a nasty ill-conditioned brute all round. But beggars cannot be choosers. I was due at headquarters with my detachment on the following morning.

I had to report my arrival, to hand over papers, drafts, and other official items to my commanding officer, both he and the adjutant being great sticklers for military etiquette, and in whose bad books I did not desire to appear.

I was a tolerable rider, and feared nothing. At all hazards (between two evils choose the least) it was better to mount Mad Bess than to run the risk of a nasty wigging and the refusal of my next application for leave.

"What are her bad points?" I asked after a minute's pause, during which I had weighed the above pros and cons in my mind.

"She's a neck and neck bolter," replied Boyd, "and she will do her level best to get rid of you. I'm up to her tricks and can fairly manage her, but if you could stick on her, and she bolted in the right direction, she would take you to your destination like the wind.

"However, I don't disguise from you that you'll have a nasty customer to deal with. The has a devil of a temper of her own!"

"A pleasant description, I must say! However, I don't see any alternative than to take my chance, and if the worst comes to the worst, you must pick up the broken fragments by the way."

"I'm awfully sorry, Seton, I assure you," said Boyd with evident anxiety, "but I think you'll sit her; being a light weight you'll fret her less than a heavier man would do.

"I'll order her round at once, and you be ready to mount her just as soon as she comes up, for she'll not stand a moment."

I made my few preparations, while my host went round to where the mare was picketed.

I heard his voice in the distance storming at the unfortunate wights who had incurred his displeasure; then a series of loud snoris, mingled with the sharp ring of a horse's hoofs, kicking, plunging and rearing, gave me a foretaste of what to expect, while faint cries and exclamations from a group of native grass cutters, syces and others were borne to me on the cool night air.

The moon had arisen about an hour, and was shedding its brightest beams full upon the tent and space in front with all the dazzling clearness of the tropics, dappled here and there with the shadows of the quivering leaves of the branching trees.

I was thankful my ride was not to be in the dark, I should at least know where I was being pitched.

I was roused from these lugubrious meditations as I stood outside the tent in the open, by the hurried approach of Boyd.

"Look sharp!" he cried excitedly. "Here she is! The syces will hold her head in the direction you want to go. Watch your opportunity and jump on her quickly. Give her her head, and she'll take you into Tenkasi in a trice." As he spoke, the redoubtable steed came into sight.

A tall, lanky, spare chestnut mare, with a long thin mane and tale, three white stockings extending nearly to the knees, and a white Roman nose.

The very demon incarnate was in her eye as she plunged, reared and kicked in front of me; it was as much as the two syces hanging on to her bridle could do to hold her.

Boyd was a big man, six feet one in his stockings, large in proportion, riding twelve stone if he rode an ounce; I am a small man, average height, and in my day have ridden many a steeplechase at light weight.

Mad Bess stood at least sixteen hands high, and with all the will in the world, I could not for the life of me see how I was to mount her, as she curveted and plunged before me.

To vex her further by abortive efforts would have been madness on my part; I therefore turned a deaf ear to Boyd's strenuous injunctions:

"Now jump on, old fellow! Now's the time! Now, now! There! you have lost that chance! Now, now! Great Scott! Why didn't you get on then? I'll give you a haul up, only make the spring!"

"It's no use, Boyd," I returned. "It's ignominious, I allow, but I must have a chair to mount a camel like that."

Boyd bellowed for a chair, on which I mounted as soon as it was placed in an auspicious spot on the roadway.

Mad Bess was, in a comparatively quiet interval between her paroxysms, brought up to me. In a moment I was on her back.

"Let go! let go!" yelled Boyd to the clinging syces. "Give her her head!"

Instantly the mare was free, she turned sharp round with a sort of half somersault in the air, and, before I could curb or guide her, was bolting at a tearing gallop along the hard white macadamized road in the opposite direction to Tenkasi!

I heard Boyd's yells of dismay and rage borne faintly to me in the distance; they died away, and only the clatter of my runaway steed's iron hoofs as they struck the sunburnt ground echoed in my ears as we sped swiftly along.

I could not say I had lost all control over the brute, as I had never possessed any; but I may confess that for the next hour it was as much as I could do to keep my seat, as we flew through the weird moonlit landscape, like a veritable Herne the Hunter on his Satanic steed.

It was in truth riding for a fall, and how I escaped coming a cropper will always remain a wonder; for Mad Bess truly bore out her sobriquet.

Dashing furiously along, she would suddenly come to a half halt with a genuine Australian buck-jump, with the vicious intention of landing me on my head in front of her; then she would, with several flying leaps from one side of the road to the other, diversified by frantic kicks, do her level best to pitch me off side ways; finding her amiable efforts futile, she would get the bit between her teeth and be off again like a pursuing fiend.

The road was fortunately at that late hour clear of traffic, and for the most part perfectly level: only now and again we came across some unique specimens of Irish bridges, most painful experiences for a rider to encounter when astride the back of a runaway horse.

Switch! down we went with a leap and a bound to the bottom of the incline. It was near a go each time, I can assure you, and I breathed thankfully as I found myself still in the saddle as the mare bolted up the opposite steep.

The motion was so severe and bone-breaking, shaking one to the very vitals, I can only compare it to a sharp squall in a choppy sea; it had the same effect upon me as a rough voyage in a fifty-ton yacht would have had.

Needless to say I parted with my dinner. Soup, turkey, champagne, mayonnaise, caviare and ice cream all went by the board.

I felt as if I were landing in an exhausted and sea green condition at Folkestone Pier, or had braved a three days' equinoctial gale in the Bay of Biscay.

Faint and despairing I looked ahead for some signs of relief. My wild steed showed no prospect of abating her speed or of suffering from the slightest feeling of fatigue. Would she race all night, and if I could not turn her head round, where would the morning find me?

These thoughts gave me grave ground for anxiety. I calculated we had gone at least eight to ten miles, and the cursed brute was as ungovernable as when I started.

As I before mentioned, the road was

bordered by an almost continuous avenue of fine old trees, with but few intervals of open country between, but just ahead of me I now perceived an unsheltered stretch of road, with what appeared in the glimmering moonlight the bund of a tank on one side, and on the other a piece of newly ploughed land level with the road and heavy and stiff from irrigation.

My spirits rose; I knew if I could once get my lady floundering among those heavy clods, her fiery ardor would soon be cooled, and fatigue alone would make her more amenable to salutary restraint.

"A little wholesome discipline will do you good, my beauty!" I muttered between my clenched teeth, as on skirting the field I gave a violent wrench to the bridle on the rear side, and, hard-mouthed as the brute was, made her perceptibly swerve toward the desired goal; she resented such independent action on my part with a vicious buck jump, but another determined pull landed her safely in the stiff, clayey quagmire.

Finding her pretty well stuck, I urged her on with spur and whip round the whole length and breadth of that field till she was covered with soft sticky mud up to her fetlocks, and was literally panting for breath and a moment's respite.

"Not yet, my friend," I ejaculated vindictively; "metaphorically you shall go down on your bended knees for pardon, and do a little penance for the game you've played me."

After a good quarter of an hour of this treadmill work, I turned her head to the main road, in the direction of Boyd's camp, anticipating a quiet ride back from the subdued and repentant appearance of the delinquent.

But I reckoned without my host; no one can fathom the eccentricities and perverseness of the female mind, equine or otherwise.

No sooner was the smooth firm road under the mud-clogged hoofs of Mad Bess, than with a snort of defiance she darted forward like an arrow from the bow, at the same break neck gallop with which she had started, fortunately for me, however, this time in the right direction.

On we sped. I had lost again all control over my fiendish mount, and faint, dizzy, sick, and nearly shaken out of all recognition, I saw at length, gleaming in the distance, the white tents of my friend. To my relief lights were visible, flickering among the canvas and under the trees.

At the tent door I caught a glimpse of Boyd standing anxiously watching, having heard the returning hoofs of his runaway steed, and two or three natives sprang up as we galloped past.

Mad Bess put a final spurt on perceiving her gram-bag in prospect and carried me straight as a die to the spot where she was picketed, without coming to grief, as I fully anticipated, over the tens ropes and pegs.

She pulled up stock-still, one mass of foam and lather, trembling with excitement from head to foot. A syce sprang to her head as she stopped, and Boyd the next moment was by my side.

"Good gracious, Seton!" he exclaimed fervently. "I'm truly glad to see you safe and whole. Get off that cursed animal at once and come in and rest. You must be fairly spent. Jump off, quick!"

"Not if I know it, my good fellow," I replied. "I did not, in my extreme youth, learn 'John Gilpin' by heart for nothing. As you have played the part of the worthy calendar, and your mare that of his celebrated steed, the farce shall be continued to the grim end. She brought me here for her pleasure, now she'll return for mine. This brute shall carry me into Tenkasi to-night, or my name's not Jack Seton!"

"Well! you've pluck, and no mistake," returned Boyd with a grin of approval, "for I know you are shaken up a few. But get off, and have something first."

"Boyd," I answered solemnly, "I don't budge from this saddle till this confounded brute pulls up in front of my tent; but I'll take a brandy and soda here, if you'll be quick about it."

As I drank off the reviving draught and handed back the tumbler, Mad Bess stood as if transfigured into an angel of light, so docile, placid and accommodating was her demeanor.

"She'll go now," remarked Boyd, "the evil's gone out of her; but you'll have to be wary, for her tricks are many."

And so it proved, for no sooner did she realize that no well-filled gram bag was for her guerdon that night, nor a well-earned repose in store, but, on the contrary, she was expected to take to the road again, than her whole being revolted against such base injustice, and her irrepressible equine nature asserted itself in a series of plunges, kicks, buck-jumps and every other variety of manœuvre a horse could be guilty of performing.

I knew my friend better now, however, and getting the syce to hold her with her head towards Tenkasi, I gave her suddenly a sharp cut with my whip and a dig with my spurs, at which indignity she gave a bound forward and set off in the right direction at a furious gallop, Boyd waving a farewell to me with a cheery "Bravo!" as we sped into the shade of the overspreading avenue.

But Mad Bess was spent, fain as she was to acknowledge it. At the end of the second mile her pace sensibly decreased, at the end of the third she was visibly distressed, and at the fourth my lady was glad to plead peccavi, and go soberly and submissively at my pace over the remaining five or six miles.

Like the Queen of Sheba, there was no more spirit left in her; that ploughed field had worked wonders in her recalcitrant soul!

As the pink glow of sunrise overspread the eastern horizon I walked my whilom fiery steed as meek as a lamb into the camping ground of my men, just in the nick of time to dress for the last march into the head station.

As I dismounted, aching in every limb, stiff, shaken and dead-beat, I forgot all my misadventures in exultation at my victory over that redoubtable mare, Mad Bess.

I never scored a point that gave me greater satisfaction.

KNOTS AND THREADS.

We still talk of the Gordian knot and the thread of Destiny, although few of us stop to consider the meaning of words we utter so glibly.

The Gordian knot was a lucky knot, fastened to the wagon of a man who from a peasant became a king, of which it was predicted that whosoever untied it should become monarch of all Asia; whilst the thread of Destiny refers to a belief of the ancients that the Moirae or Fates spun a thread at the birth of every child, and upon this thread the good or evil fate, long or short life, of each individual depended. There is another knot much depicted and talked of in the last century, but which seems to have dropped out of use in our prosaic age.

This, the true lover's knot, was supposed to represent the thread of destiny of two lives inextricably entangled.

It might be supposed that those knots and threads were only poetic symbols; but if we examine the matter a little more closely we shall find that all the world over, both in ancient and in modern times, knots and threads have been not only symbols, but realities, to which many magical properties and much religious superstition are attached.

In Danny's Folklore of China we are told that the dead are swathed in long strips of cloth, two of which must be white and one red.

The ends of these strips are tied in 'an auspicious knot,' and as many of these knots are tied at various places on the body as the material used will allow.

Here we get perhaps the key to the many complicated twists and knots engraved on early stone monuments, most of which are funereal, and possibly also to that widely spread custom of binding the dead with knotted cords or enclosing them in nets, so that the net came to be symbolical of death.

That the use of nets in burial is very ancient cannot be doubted, for it seems to have become a survival in Egypt at a remote period, so that many mummies are enveloped in a network of beads.

Mummies in remote Alaska are found encased in network; whilst in Kentucky bodies wrapped in knotted twine mantles have been found, and many others in various parts of America bound up with knotted cords.

In all these cases there is doubtless much significance attached to the knots, which, as far as can be understood, are supposed to be possessed of magical power to preserve the deceased from enemies, and especially from the machinations of witchcraft.

How very ancient is this belief in the efficacy of knots may be judged from the fact that among the Chaldeans they were used in the cure of disease.

Witches, even up to the last century, were condemned to death if found with knotted cords upon their persons; and in Scotland it was supposed that, by stealing hair from the tails of cows and making a rope of the hair, tying a knot in it for each cow, they could get the milk of these cows for their own use.

The Lapps and Finns used to tie knots and sell them to mariners, that by untying these knots they might ensure favorable winds. Two they might loosen, but if they dared to untie the third a tempest would be sure to follow.

It is very interesting to note the use of knots for exactly similar purposes among the American Indians as of old in Europe. Thus we learn that among the Mexicans of the Rio Grande a lock of hair tied into knots is supposed to secure a maiden's affections; and Mr. Bourke says:

"Miss Edna Dean Proctor, the poet, told me that some years ago in Illinois she met a woman who, having been ill a long time, and despairing of recovery, had consulted a man pretending to occult powers, who prescribed that she should wear next the skin a certain knotted red cord which he gave her."

Magic knots lead necessarily to magic or sacred threads or cords, since it is obvious that a knot would acquire superior virtue from being tied in that which was already consecrated.

It is a very curious fact that sacred knotted cords are worn by men of all religions in almost every part of the globe; they are generally prepared with great care of special material, and are credited with many mystic properties, but especially with that of warding off sickness or disaster.

The sacred thread of the Brahmins is well known; it is a caste distinction assumed at an early age, and never parted with. It must be made by a Brahmin, and should consist of three strands, each of a different color, forty-eight yards in length, doubled and twisted together twice, the ends tied in knots.

It must be worn next the skin over the left shoulder, hanging down to the thigh on the right side.

The three castes of the Hindus are distinguished by the material of these threads—cotton for the Brahmins, hemp for the warriors, and wool for the artisans.

The Parsees also wear the sacred thread, and boys of seven or nine are invested with it, the threads used being always made of fibres of the sunn tree.

Monier Williams describes the sacred girdle of the Parsees as made of seventy-two woollen threads, forming a flat band, which is twined three times round the body, and tied in two peculiar knots, the secret of which is only known to the Parsees.

The use of "medicine cords" is common among North American Indians. Mr. Bourke describes those worn by the Apaches.

These consist of one, two, three, or four strands, to which are attached shells, feathers, beads, rock-crystal, sacred green stones, and other articles, doubtless employed symbolically.

The color of the threads superstitiously used as medicine is prescribed. Blue, as we are told, is the Christian color in Abyssinia, but that color is considered unlucky in Scotland; and in 1635 a man in the Orkney Islands was said to have been utterly ruined by "nine knots cast on a blue thread and given to his sister."

Red thread is prescribed as a remedy for fever and for nose-bleeding, and red worsted is tied round cows' tails to preserve them from the evil eye. A "wrested thread," spun from black wool and cast in nine knots, is described in "Notes and Queries" as used to cure sprains. The origin of these sacred threads and knots is doubtless symbolical, denoting the subjection of the wearer to certain deities.

It may not be irrelevant to quote here the passage of the Psalms in which the kings of the earth and the rulers are represented as taking counsel against the Lord and His anointed, saying:

"Let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us."

The manner of wearing these cords from shoulder to hip is also symbolical of the subjection of the whole body, whilst the knots perhaps signify the unalterable nature of the bond entered into between the deity and the neophyte.

Meanwhile the universality of the curious superstitions connected with knots and cords seems to throw back their origin to the childhood of the world and the cradle of the human race.

THE frequent pleasures of small but increasing opportunities for greater comfort in living and more abundant means of generosity far outweigh those more exciting but less enduring gratifications which attend sudden accessions to fortune.

Scientific and Useful.

FOR THE BIKE.—In a newly designed bicycle it is not necessary to use the feet and keep the pedals moving all the time, as the spiked rear wheel can be lifted out of line with the runners by means of a lever near the head of the machine, so that after speed has been attained or in going down hills on the road the feet can be held still.

CAST IRON.—For use in cleaning or finishing cast iron after it is taken from the molds, a new machine called the sand blast is used, strong pneumatic pressure blowing the sand against the iron with force enough to remove all projections, after which the sand and iron dust are sucked into a separator and the sand returned for reuse.

REVEALED BY THE MICROSCOPE.—A ready means of distinguishing between fresh meat and that which has been frozen, a writer points out, is furnished by the microscope. A small quantity of the blood or meat juice is examined, and if this is from fresh flesh numerous red corpuscles normal in color and floating in clear serum, are seen; while in the case of blood from flesh that has been preserved by freezing, the corpuscles have dissolved in the serum, and not a single normal red corpuscle can be seen. The liquid must be examined before there has been any drying.

UMBRELLAS.—Umbrellas will last much longer if, when they are wet they are placed handle downwards to dry; the moisture then runs from the edges of the frame and the material dries uniformly. If stood handle upwards, as is usually the case, all the moisture runs into the top of the umbrella and is kept there by the lining underneath the ring, consequently it takes a long time to dry, and injures the silk or other fabric with which the umbrella is covered. The latter is one of the chief causes of umbrellas wearing so soon at the top. Umbrella cases are not so much used as formerly, for these are responsible by their constant friction for the small holes in the fabric that appear very early. When not in use an umbrella should be left unrolled, and when wet should be left loose to dry.

Farm and Garden.

MEMORANDA.—Do you have a little memorandum book in your pocket in which to note things that need to be done on the farm? What is not in the head may be in the memorandum book, and when you find that you are about out of work consult the book. As fast as the odd jobs are done mark them off. A few hours' neglect will sometimes cause considerable loss, and often necessitate a day's extra labor.

MEASURING AN ACRE.—Few farmers know the size of their fields, or how many acres they contain. It is desirable—in fact, indispensable—for good work, that a farmer should know this, otherwise he cannot apportion seed or manure for it, nor can he tell how much time it should take to plow, harrow or cultivate it. A good cotton cord, the axe of a plow line, should be kept for the purpose of measuring. To make one buy sixty-seven feet of cotton rope, fasten a ring at each end, and make these rings precisely sixty-six feet apart. This is four rods. Tie a piece of red rag in the centre. One acre of ground will be a piece four of these cords long and two and a half wide, equal to sixteen by ten rods, making one hundred square rods to an acre. The advantage of the rings is that one person can measure by driving a stake into the ground to hold the rope while he stretches it out. The rope should be kept soaked in tar, and then dried. This will prevent its shrinking.

Four years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe. It ran into Pneumonia. My Cough was something terrible. Doctors failed to give me any relief. I became so weak I could not turn in bed. Finally my wife got a bottle of Jayne's Expectorant. Before I had used one half of it, my Cough was easier, and I was soon completely restored. I have no hesitation in saying that YOUR EXPECTORANT SAVED MY LIFE, and it is my wish that the world shall know of this grand medicine.—J. E. HOISLEY, Proprietor of the Halsey House, New Holland, O., Nov. 5, 1895.

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Of Stagnation.

The type of active, enjoyable, buoyant, healthy life is the brook, tinkling cheerfully along, always changing, if now and again muddy, quickly clearing, casting down its impurities and hurrying on fresh and attractive. We get our idea of pellucid purity from bubbling and running streams. The type of degeneration, through sluggishness that leads to overgrowths, is the pond—stagnant, foul, growing more repulsive day by day, at the mercy, by reason of its quiescence, of every parasitical ugliness that fastens on it, moved only by outward forces, by the soft whish of the wind or the enlivening patter of the rain.

We all love to hang over the brook as it sweeps under the bridge with a swirl and gurgle. But the pond we avoid, unless we are naturalists, to whom nothing is common and uncleanness is only comparatively distasteful. Is there not a similar distinction observable in human life and character? Is there not a movement, a briskness, a change, which brings out all that is best in some men and women, while stagnation settles down on others of equal promise, and they fester? You see two lads in the same village or small town, of about equal ability and equal good intention. The chance choice of a vocation takes one out into the world, and he goes through life with all the cheery change of the running brook, till you find him in middle age successful, unworn, open to impressions, enjoying life, hopeful, a candidate for another quarter of a century of vigorous existence.

The other lad has been kept, perhaps by the chances of heritage, in a narrow round of which he has grown tired, and the stagnation has led to degeneracy, to overgrowths of unworthy habits, and in middle age he has lived his life, is effete, without ambition, without ideals. Stagnation, the want of exertion, of change, of freshening energy and interest, is at the root of many of the most deplorable failures, and we are about to insist upon the need for a constant attempt to keep life, however secluded, like the cheerful current of the wholesome stream.

To the man who is in the thick of the world's turmoil it is a temptation to dwell with at least complacence, perhaps with anticipation, on the joys of stagnation. What could be more delightful than long rest? The rush of duty seems invigorating at times, when we are borne forward on its tide and are not overwhelmed by it; but there come moments when simple rest seems the most enchanting of earth's gifts. Even the negative blessing of sleep is thought of with enthusiasm. Not to do, not to be, is for a while an unalloyed pleasure to be revelled in.

There are myriads of overworked men who, if they were able to shape their own lives for twelve months, without detriment to their after-career, would prescribe for themselves a series of delights that would not entail any distasteful exertion. They sleep and see pleasant places lazily, and do just those things which they preferred to do, and do them at the moment when they felt the preference most strongly. They are like the tired nurses who go back to their institutions from wearing cases and spend their holidays in bed. Stagnation is their dream of pleasure. But, though a man of sense may momentarily feel this demand for rest and dreamful ease and a lotus-land change, he knows that that way demoralization lies. He knows that the biographies abound with cases of the most active and successful men who have "gone to pieces" as soon as they fell into a reclining attitude and thought to enjoy the rewards of toil and cessation from effort.

Rest is good only in refreshing glimpses. It is delightful when climbing the hill, and when wind and strength fail, to lie for a moment or two in the most negligently-lazy of attitudes, resting every possible muscle; but, if you lie so for more than a few moments, the muscles stiffen, the circulation slackens, chill comes, and the weakness that was temporary may take a more permanent form. The hill-climbing never ceases, and there is no place in life for stagnation, not even in latest age—the best chances of stoppage amount only to a little rest.

A few eccentric natures come to regard routine as pleasant; but most of us feel a very healthy repulsion from sameness, from ennui—the redemptive revulsion of the natural man from stagnation. Much depends upon what the routine is, of course. It is said that drivers of omnibuses, when they get one of their infrequent days "off," will sometimes spend the holiday riding up and down another route on an omnibus. But then think of the variety of a driver's day!

Stagnation comes when we cease to have a purpose in life, when curiosity dies, when the freshness of the world is blotted out under "a pall of dull and hueless commonplace;" and these changes follow an inward change of the heart, caused by neglect to cultivate variety of interest, freshness of view, susceptibility to the beautiful in nature and character. It is not the dulness of village life that causes villagers to stagnate—it is the inability to see its charms and humors. The simplest scene may help to "keep the soul embalmed and pure," if looked at it in the right way.

Have you ever known the charm of a talk in the evening in the blacksmith's smithy, when the bellows sends throbs of light across the gloom of the shop into the night and blows the slack on the hearth into spongy white-hot cinders? Or have you known what it is to lounge by the churchyard wall with the farmers' lads on an early summer evening before harvest begins, their big boots unlaced, and to try in those leisure moments to fathom their crude thoughts? Or have you sat on the waxy seat of the eloquent cobbler's tiny shop and heard him discourse? If so, there will be no doubt in your mind as to the interest of the village to the man who takes everything as it comes, and accepts gratefully, without prejudice, whatever is fresh in life. It is not in our surroundings, however tame, but in ourselves that stagnation begins, while we are out and about in the world, free and watchful.

No greater mistake could be made in avoiding dulness and stagnation than to suppose that the opposite extreme of perpetual jollity and amusement is a remedy. People who get into the habit of wanting to be amused generally end by being the most lugubrious of mortals. To make elaborate arrangements to get up a laugh is to put a grim tax on ourselves for the sake of good humor. Far better cultivate the seeing eye which can always find cause for admiration or merriment or sadness—swift alternation of feeling—in what it looks on. Books of course are a great remedy against stagnation, not only because of the new scenes they portray, the pleasant people they introduce to us, the questions with which they stimulate us to thought, but because they help to teach us how to look on life aright for ourselves with unflagging keenness, with good nature, with an interest in ourselves as students of mankind—to help us, in short, to keep that freshness of heart which is the only lasting remedy against stagnation, and which enables us to feel our life is not inaptly comparable to the clear running stream.

A word of a domestic nature may be said in closing. Is not stagnation in married life one of the most prolific causes of unhappiness? The life from which so much was expected grows dull by-and-by, and love cannot hide the fact. One of the questions which we would recommend to lovers who are debating whether their last fancy is wise or tempting only is this, "Will he—or she—remain interesting?" Among the very weighty matters that marriage brings to mind that simple test deserves a place. There is no quality in men or women that makes them more marriageable than that of remaining interesting, for it means that over their household the paralysis of stagnation will never be likely to creep; they will both reinforce the world of books and the world of observation in driving back the grim ogre of dulness which, setting on men, beclouds their brightness of heart and disintegrates their character.

THE difficulties in our daily path were not intended to stop us, to make us give up, or faint, or turn back. They were meant solely for us to overcome, and the power to do it waits only upon our will. When we overcome them, we acquire their strength. If we allow them to overcome us, they take away ours. Therefore our mission, our destiny is to overcome all difficulties. Regarded in this light, the obstacle which seemed formidable yesterday possesses no terrors to-day.

IT may be said that much of our conduct can be traced immediately to our feelings, which is true; but, on the other hand, it is only by devoting our energies to the regulation of our conduct that we can effectually influence our feelings. It is therefore better to put aside the question of how we feel for the more pertinent question of what we shall do.

THE man who studies a single subject until he loses sight of everything else is always in danger of parting with his judgment. When he does that, when he is entirely wrapped in a single idea, he almost inevitably develops what is ordinarily called "crankiness."

NEVER sacrifice a right principle to obtain a favor—the cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you by square and manly conduct, better do without it.

To brood over self, especially those parts of self which are most secret and hidden, is morbid, unhealthy, and narrow-minded.

COURTESY at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit.

Correspondence.

JESSIE.—A lady with ever so good a voice, and considerable knowledge of music, must devote at least two years to careful training and practice before she will be fitted to sing in public. The salaries of public singers vary so greatly, according to the talent and reputation of each, that it would be impossible for us to give you any fair estimate.

A. M. S.—The name Pius was first given to the Emperor Antoninus Titus, who was thence called by that name, on account of his piety and virtue, A. D. 138. This name was also given to a son of Metellus, because he interested himself so warmly to have his father recalled from banishment. The name of Pius has also been taken by nine of the popes of Rome, the first of whom assumed it in A. D. 142.

FREDA.—Artificial flowers are now used in many ways for houseboid decorations as well as for personal adornment. Jardinière vases are filled with them, panels of plush, velvet, or satin are ornamented with them and hung upon the wall or placed on easels. The corners of photograph and any rich plush or velvet frames have a tiny bouquet attached, lambrequins and table-scarfs are adorned with clusters of them, and they are used as plentifully as embroidery.

DAISY J.—This correspondent wants to know how lovers can manage so as never to quarrel, which, of course, we cannot tell her, as lovers are bound to have their little "tiffs." What would love and courtship be worth were they one everlasting dose of honey, without the least touch of alleviating and correcting acidity? Honey will itself turn sour and unpleasant at last. It is not in human nature for sweethearts to be without "a few words" now and then, and consider how delightful it is to make up again afterwards! What does the poet say—

"Little quarrels often prove
To be but new recruits of love."

ARTIST.—"Raphael's" real name was Raffaello Santi, and he was born in the city of Urbino, March 28, 1483. His Giovanni Santi, was a refined and cultivated gentleman and a poet and painter of considerable repute. Raphael lived and died among friends and without an enemy; he was loved and honored by brother painters, by patrons and pupils, and by Pope Leo X. and Julius II. He died on Good Friday, April 7, 1520, only thirty-seven years old, having, despite his youth, painted a marvelous number of famous pictures. He took cold while talking with the Pope in one of the cold halls of the Vatican, had a chill and then a fever, and died in a few days.

F. F.—The epithet, turncoat, it is said, took its rise from one of the first Dukes of Savoy, whose dominions lying open to the invasions of the two contending houses of Spain and France, he was obliged to temporize and fall in with that power that was most likely to distress him, according to the success of their arms against one another. So being frequently obliged to change sides, he humorously got a coat made that was blue on one side and white on the other, and might be worn either side out. While in the Spanish interest he worn the blue side out, and the white side was the badge for the French.

B. M. J.—You are mistaken about Friday being the only unlucky day. Thursday has always been considered an unlucky day in Devonshire, where it has but one lucky hour, and in Scandinavia it is in equally bad repute. In Cochin China unlucky days are the third day of the new moon, being that on which Adam was expelled from Paradise; the fifth, when the whale swallowed Jonah; the sixteenth, when Joseph was put into the well; the twenty-fourth, when Zachariah was murdered; and the twenty-fifth, when Mohammed lost his front teeth. And among some other nations the last Monday in April, the first in August, and the "first Monday of the going out of the month of December" are regarded as unlucky.

E. C. O.—Hungary, part of Pannonia, and Dacia, were subjected to the Romans A. D. 106, and kept till the third century, when the Goths overran it. Hungarians use many Latin words still, and the untaught peasantry understand them perfectly. There were Kings of Hungary about 950, and dukes of Polish territory in the sixth century; but the word Pole is only as old as the tenth. The Hungarians are Caucasians; the Pole Sclavonic; but indeed all about the centre of Europe the Slav race prevails. Perhaps as a nation, Poland is the most ancient, if nation means a kingdom or dukedom; if you regard the two merely as peoples, then perhaps Hungary; even as peoples they are as old as we are, unless you count us from the Romano-British population.

NEW.—The Spenceans were a religio-political sect of the present century, founded by an itinerant bookseller named Spence. The great principle of their creed was that "all human beings are equal by nature, and before the law, with a continual and inalienable property in the earth and its natural productions." They also held that "every man, woman, and child, whether born in wedlock or not (for nature and justice know nothing of illegitimacy), is entitled, quarterly, to an equal share of the rents of a parish where they have settlement." The founder called his creed, "A Receipt to Make a Millennium, or Happy World." Their Sabbath was on the fifth day, which was devoted to rest and recreation; they ignored the Bible as an inspired volume, and recognized no moral laws as binding. These are all the particulars we have been able to obtain for you.

OF THE DAYS GONE BY.

Dreams, come home to my heart again,
With the memory of the past!
Come, with your pleasure and your pain,
And your hopes too bright to last!
Come from your hidden graves that lie
In the beautiful realms of the days gone by.
Come, from your glorious graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

I will welcome ye all again,
As once in the halls of Eld,
Welcome the pleasure and the pain
For the beauty your brief lives held!
Dreams, come out of your secret graves,
In the woodland wilds, and the dim sea-caves.
Dreams, come out of your myriad graves,
In the wilds and the dim sea-caves!

Ye throng the halls of my heart once more,
With faces sad with pain!
Oh, faded ghosts of the dreams of yore,
The joy comes not again!
Go back! to your mournful graves that lie
In the shadowy realms of the days gone by—
Go back! to your voiceless graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

To Let.

BY N. H. R.

"YOU have apartments to let?" he enquired, standing without the ivy-covered porch of the old farm house.

"Yes, sir," she replied, standing within the charmed arch of green, and perhaps she did not heed, how becoming a frame it made for her sweet, fair beauty.

"I am looking for rooms in a house like this. I am very much struck by your"—his eyes rested admiringly upon the beauty before them—"picturesque situation.

"Yes, sir," a little dubiously this time.

"May I see your rooms?" putting himself pleasantly forward.

"Yes, sir. But that third assent was reluctant, there could not be a doubt about it, and she made no move to give him entrance. "How many apartments should you require, sir? We generally let to a family."

"Oh, yes. I should require the same accommodation as a family, of course."

"The terms would be rather high for one person."

"I consider that no terms could be too high for the—the delightful position of his house." He wrenched his eyes away from that delightful face and looked around. "The air is peculiarly——"

"Strong, sir. It disagrees with many people."

"I can feel already that it agrees with me," he said complacently; and the maiden sighed.

"Should you require much waiting upon, sir?"

"I will give no trouble at all, I assure you," he made answer eagerly. "I am a first-rate hand at doing for myself."

"That settles the matter," and her countenance brightened. "I asked the question because one visitor insisted upon doing for himself, as he called it, and he did for all aunt's best things in a week. I told her then that single gentlemen were best at Mrs. Parsons'. You will be exceedingly comfortable at Mrs. Parsons', sir. If you will just step over that hill——"

"I will step over neither hill nor dale. I refuse to seek comfort at Mrs. Parsons'. I will be waited on hand and foot rather. In truth, I need rest."

"A helpless invalid would be difficult, because of aunt's rheumatism. Ah, I ought to mention that," brightening again. "This is an excessively rheumatic place, and as you are an invalid——"

"My good girl, I am not." The grey eyes opened a little widely. "I am as hale and strong in body as man needs to be. By rest, I meant rest of the mind, an overworked brain."

"Oh! if it is a case of mental derangement, I am quite sure our rooms would not suit," and drawing swiftly back she, to his horror, made as though she would close the door.

Thereupon he asserted himself. "I am going to take your rooms," he said in resolute yet respectful tones; I made up my mind to do so the instant I saw your"—how had he been a man of strict veracity he would have said your face; but alas! a barrister is ofttimes led into the most evil habit of perverting or suppressing truth, so from this one quite glibly came—"your charming old house. I don't in the lest care about seeing the rooms, and your aunt and yourself can settle the question of terms. The only thing I want to know is—how soon can I come in?"

"As you have settled all else it might be as well that you should decide this point, also, sir."

"Thank you; I will come in this evening." He smiled, he bowed, he went away until the evening, when he reappeared, accompanied by a portmanteau, a case of books and an air of great contentment.

He was welcomed by a landlady, buxom and effusive, whose anxious cordiality contrasted strongly with her subordinate's disdain—yet he hankered after the disdain, and a little later, when he had done justice to a wonderful meal which was in readiness in the parlor, a marvellous jumble upon a snowy cloth, of home-made bread, home-cured ham, home-grown chicken, flanked with home-made jam, and supported by the richest butter, cream and eggs, he lighted a pipe and strolled outside in search of—well it might be fresh air.

There was on one side of the house a quaint little gravelled yard enclosed by low walls, in the center of that yard an old-fashioned pump with a moss-adorned stone trough; hard by some old-fashioned stone steps for mounting on horseback; over the wall a honeysuckle rich in fragrance, lovingly embracing the honeysuckle a great Gloire de Dijon rose, and beneath honeysuckle and rose Piers Clinton (that was the name already so well known in the law courts) espied a white frock and a French shoe.

Miss Disdain sat upon the lowest of the stone steps, with a pencil and paper in her hand and an absent expression on her face; she turned her eyes upon the approaching man, and he saw that she said unto herself, "You again? Oh, what a nuisance!"

He spoke differently. "Are you fond of sketching? I do a little in that way. Might I venture to look?"

She turned her paper over, but she turned her face towards him. "If you are fond of making sketches you will find some charming bits of scenery in this neighborhood; not immediately close, but if the weather holds fine, no doubt you will like to make long excursions; you shall have a picnic basket," and she smiled encouragingly.

He regarded her for a moment in silence, then, "If I scour unknown country I must have a guide."

"Oh, certainly. We have a half-witted lad on the farm who knows every inch of the country side."

"But I don't like half-witted folk," deferentially.

Her look said, "You are difficult to please," but her lips, still with an assumption of kindness, encouraged him to seek fresh air in distant scenes.

"Oh, well, you can go alone. If you should miss your way it would not matter."

"Oh, not in the least," drily.

"Sooner or later you would be sure to find some one who could set you right. But as you wish to make excursions——"

"Pardon me, I do not think I do."

She regarded his interruption with severity. "You came here to enjoy the country?"

"But I can do that without tearing about with a picnic basket. My present position," he had come very near to her, having deposited himself dexterously upon the edge of the pump trough, "fulfils my highest idea of enjoyment. "Here I could spend contentedly the whole of my brief holiday."

"You would be very much in the way," tartly. "That pump is in constant use," then, with an effort recovering the accent of conciliation, "I am sure sir——"

The spasmodic utterance of the word "sir" was not the least interesting thing about this maiden. At intervals the conventional term of respect seemed to escape her memory; when she recollected, she delighted in it.

"I am sure, sir, that if you are nervous about walking alone my aunt would strain a point and accompany you—she is so good-natured."

"You told me she was rheumatic," in mild reproach.

"Oh, that is intermittent," easily. "And she is such a soul of good nature, she would do anything to please a fellow-creature."

"You do not resemble your aunt," Clinton said thoughtfully. She tells me her name is Dawson. Might you then be Miss Dawson? Pardon the digression, but it occurs to me that conversation would be facilitated and perhaps stimulated by the knowledge of your name."

"My name is Barbara." Now from his youth Piers Clinton had loved that name of Barbara—the quaint, soft-sounding old-world name, but ere he could express his feelings Miss Barbara continued:

"But to facilitate or perhaps stimulate conversation is surely unnecessary. On such an evening as this the voices of nature are more harmonious than the empty chatter of human tongues."

"It need not of necessity be empty," persuasively.

"I think a garrulous person is so trying!" She seemed to drift into soliloquy. "And when he and the victimised listener have nothing in common," she checked herself with a sigh and threw wide her hands with the prettiest gesture.

"We are tried in diverse ways," said the rising barrister, sententiously. "For instance, you, Miss Barbara, who are wearied by verbosity, have you ever known what it is to yearn to impart something of deepest interest—to yourself—and to be denied a sympathetic listener?"

"Ah, that must be a sore trial," a sweet brief glance of mock sympathy, "to a man."

"Tell me then." His thirst for information drew him along the pump trough, towards her. "Could a woman dispense with sympathy or listener, and derive pleasure merely from the sound of her own voice?"

Barbara rose gracefully. "The sound of a voice, Mr. Clinton, is of minor importance. It is the utter vapidity of its utterances which drives the listener—indoors."

* * * * * *

Six o'clock in the morning.

"What a fine morning, Miss Barbara."

He had tracked her to the milking shed, where the patient cows stood all of a row and the foaming milk trickled into bright tin pails.

She sat upon the orthodox three-legged stool; the sleeves of her pink cotton frock were rolled away from deliciously dimpled arms; and she was milking an accommodating old cow in what seemed to Clinton—and perchance to the cow—an uncertain fashion.

But at the sound of his greeting she started up, and leaving cow, stool, and pail, she came swiftly towards him.

"You suffer from insomnia, I fear. Ah, yes, it would be one of the symptoms of your malady," Her gentle sympathy, her unfeigned anxiety, charmed him.

"Have you then diagnosed my complaint?" he asked gratefully. "I certainly slept badly last night, but I fancied——"

"Yes, your poor brain will be full of foolish fancies," soothingly.

"Is that so? I fancied your house might be haunted, from the sounds which disturbed me."

What ailed the girl? She flushed all red, then she turned quite white, and, strangest of all, her ready speech deserted her.

"I heard, or fancied I heard perhaps, a mysterious step—the rustle of a woman's dress—as it might be your dress, Miss Barbara, and the heavy rumble of furniture being moved about."

"You heard Betsy in the early morning. This is churning day."

"And does Betsy drag her churn from room to room in the dead of night? Does she flit herself with the step of a fairy—or it might be your step, Miss Barbara—backwards and forwards along the corridors—on churning day?"

"Mr. Clinton, have you any friends?"

"A few," admitted the very popular man about town, surprised by the question.

"Who desire your recovery?" dubiously.

"Oh! if they knew I had anything the matter with me some of them would, I dare say, do as much as that!"

"Then in their name let me plead with you. Throw off this unfortunate manner, the manner of cross-examination. Dissociate yourself—pro tem—from these horrible law courts. Let the sweet, pure air blow away the evil habits there contracted, habits whose indulgence must surely retard the recovery of your poor brain."

"My evil habits?" he questioned. "Would it be too much to ask you to enumerate them?"

"I could not do it." She smiled into his eyes. "My cursory glance has only noted a few."

"For instance——?"

"Habits common, I fear, to your profession. That reprehensible prying into the affairs of others—distrust, miserable distrust of all veracity—suspicious, base and unworthy, harbored against your fellows. But what need for me to enumerate what you must know far better than I?"

"No, upon my life I don't. Do tell me a few more."

"I have not the time. There is that cow. And it is not of any use. If I were able to perceive and to count all your failings, which of course is beyond the power of any single individual," as she paused he nodded gloomily, "it would be of no avail. If I could spread them all before your eyes in the nicest order you would turn away——"

"No, no, not if you held them there!"

"You would turn aside to your prisoner's dock, or your judge's bench, or worse still, to your own eloquence, and forget my poor words."

"Do you know, Miss Barbara, I am not sure that to return post haste to my prisoner's dock or my bench of judges, might not be the best thing I could do."

She smiled delightfully. "If you think so we will not prevent you. Of course you know best how your poor head feels."

"My head is all right, but I am conscious of new symptoms, which may signify another and perhaps incurable malady."

"A complication. Ah, that is very bad. Perhaps, no doubt, it would be well that you should get back to town while you are able to travel."

"I shall see how I go on. I notice that half your house is uninhabited and shut up. Why don't you use it Miss Barbara?"

"We use the whole of our house—the farm-house. The part adjoining is a separate dwelling. Lord Tredgold built it, intending to occupy it during the summer months, but he never did, except once."

"Tredgold," mused the barrister. "He was very eccentric. I have heard——I should like to explore the interior of that house. May I do so, Miss Barbara?"

"Certainly not. It is all locked up."

"But is there no door of communication between it and the farm-house? I fancied——"

"You must not encourage these foolish fancies," the girl interposed with great firmness. "You must strive to banish them with all the strength your poor brain has."

"If you will help me," he said gratefully. "I assure you until you pointed it out so clearly I had no idea in what way I was suffering."

"Yes, yes," she said absently. "Dear me, how I have neglected that cow, and oh," with vast relief, "there is aunt beckoning you in to breakfast.

At risk of cooling his breakfast, the man with the prying habits strolled round by the pond, and into the paddock, trying from various points to get a clearer view of that unoccupied house, but the trees or the out-buildings seemed to screen it on every side.

Of Miss Barbara he saw no more that day, but on the following afternoon, when the sun's rays were at their hottest, he espied a white-clad figure slipping through the garden gate, outward bound, and he said to himself, as he seized hat and stick, "I am in luck."

He repeated the same fatuous remark when he overtook Miss Barbara, but his innocent joy was chilled by her glance.

Those wonderful gray eyes.

"Indeed? I wish I were." That was all her lips said to him.

"What is luck to me, may be boredom to you?" he hazarded humbly.

"Yes—exactly."

After that beginning they naturally got on very nicely. When the exceeding narrowness of the lane compelled Piers Clinton to walk alone, he noticed what a beautiful figure Miss Barbara had and how well she carried it, with a high-bred ease and grace more frequently seen in Hyde Park than in a dog-rose, honeysuckle adorned lane. And surely her white gown with its perfect simplicity was of Parisian make. Ah, well, there are some things not even a barrister can understand.

They were getting on, as has been said, quite nicely, when an opening in the lane revealed to them the broad high-road, and on that road a cloud of dust in close pursuit of a coach and four fine bay horses.

Barbara saw it first.

"A four-in-hand," she cried amazed, and then after one piercing glance she turned a face all crimsoned and aghast to her companion. "Help me over that hedge, that paling, anywhere, anyhow!" in breathless incoherence. "Oh! I quick! how stupid you are! How slow.

It was not his fault, poor man, that the bank was steep, and the paling above impracticable, well-nigh impossible. It was not his fault that Barbara, dashing at it with reckless speed, missed her footing at the top and fell to earth, he knew not where. He was not to be blamed because a manly voice rent the air.

"Hi, Clinton, is that you?"

And assuredly it was no doing of his that the driver of the four bays reined them up amid his shouts of recognition.

But the barrister approached the coach with a clouded brow, foreseeing trouble from this thing.

"Hallo, Thessiger—that you?"

"Am I right for M——?" enquired the over-heated man on the box; he was a coarse, unpleasant-looking man.

"Can't say. I'm a stranger in these parts."

"What the deuce are you doing in them

then? I thought I saw," turning his thick neck about, "two people just now."

"If your vision tricks you, I wonder you explore country like this. I am sorry I can't direct you, but that road is just as likely to go on to M——as anywhere else, I should say."

"Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

"Thanks, I think not, your destination being so uncertain."

The coach and the dust rolled on, and Clinton's heart beat fast as he sealed that unlucky paling. Yes, there she was, all crumpled on the grass, and it was apparent that the lace on her dress was a wreck—whatever more.

"Has your friend gone?" she asked in scathing accents.

"Thessiger is no friend of mine," curtly. Her injustice roused his legal spirit.

"Did you tell him where you are staying? Has he any idea of your address?" she demanded excitedly.

"I told him nothing—not even his way to M——. As to what ideas Thessiger's brain may hold," he shrugged his shoulders slightly, "I would rather not commit myself on that point."

"Oh! he wishes to go to M——. Then why did not you do your best to speed him there?"

"How could I tell you desired Colonel Thessiger to go to M——? you placed no confidence in me."

"How could I place confidence in you," with sudden sweetness, "when you let me tumble over those palings? But, Mr. Clinton, you are subtle and cunning I know."

"I am at a loss," stiffly.

"Now don't take offence. It is so puerile. What I meant is that your legal training qualifies you to mislead and bewilder. You can't deny that," with a glance of appeal.

"But I do and must deny so false an imputation," with much heat. "In the name of the bar——"

"Oh, hush! this language is quite unnecessary—so simple a thing . . . . I merely want you to mislead or bewilder Colonel Thessiger sufficiently to keep him away from Red Farm. After all I have borne from you—is this too much to ask—this little service?"

He lost his head; he had lost his heart all unawares some time previously.

"If you want me to make an end of Thessiger—sweep him not merely from his drag but from the face of the earth, I will do it if you say the word, Miss Barbara."

"Ah! that is nice and friendly of you. But I hope we may do without such extreme measures.

"Now I am going to try and walk. You did not know I had sprained my ankle, did you?"

The lovely face blanched, the pretty voice tailed off, as she tried unavailingly to rise, and Piers Clinton fell on his knees by her side; the emotion which so often swept jury and judge as on a wave towards the verdict he desired, was not simulated now.

"You are in pain, you are suffering."

"Oh, please don't make a fuss, it is only a little sprain. It hurts a good deal, though, to—to walk," as she tried again. "I wonder if"—looking around, she got a happy thought—"you could root up one of those hurdles. I could sit on that, and you might carry it."

"Oh, the unreasonableness of woman," he groaned. "How can a man with arms of ordinary size carry before him, extended like a tea-tray, a full-sized hurdle with you thereon?"

"If the weight is too much——?" and her scorn cut him like a knife.

"It is the unwieldiness," he cried. "If you would—would allow me to carry you without the hurdle——"

"Go to the farm and fetch the half-witted Pete.. He understands hurdles," she said.

"And leave you in pain and helplessness alone—alone, with the even chance of Thessiger re-rolling by on his drag, and espying from such a point of vantage your deplorable situation?"

"Give me your stick," she demanded imperiously. "Cut another from that tree. Give me two stout sticks and I will dispense with human aid."

But though her pride was such that it enabled the sticks to bear her across one field, she was compelled to accept the support of a human arm ere traversing the next, and, though her spirit was such that she limped on and on, refusing utterly to be lifted in the strong arms which could so easily have carried her, yet the pain she suffered was very real, and Piers Clinton suffered on her behalf an agony.

"I heard the ghost again last night," he said, trying to interest her.

"What did you hear?" She was interested.

"Oh, she was rummaging about, opening drawers and boxes apparently. She has an active turn of mind for a spectre."

"Why do you say she?" testily.

"Her inquisitiveness proves her sex. Also I heard her talking to herself, and I have your authority," deferentially, "for supposing that to be a feminine enjoyment."

"You have no authority from me for anything so fallacious." Then, with visible desire to turn the conversation, "Do you know much about Colonel Thessiger, Mr. Clinton?"

"As much as I desire. I meet him at the club and elsewhere, at times. He is a bachelor, and immensely rich. Quite lately he has inherited some large estates, which, in strict justice, ought to have gone to Lord Tredgold, I fancy."

"Here we are," said Barbara, and she drew a sigh of ungrateful relief as the ivy-arched porch was reached. "Oh, I am so thankful this walk is over."

* * * * * *

Midnight, and a perfect night.

All in the farm-house had been asleep for an hour or more—all, save the man around whom the dissipation of the city yet clung.

He sat at the open casement of his chamber with a pipe between his lips, and the sweet balmy freshness of the pure air enwrapped him.

A nightingale trilled in a tree hard by, and presently a second and a third brown chorister took up the heavenly strain; the distant note of the corn crake, though harsh, crested no discord, and the gentle, spasmodic bleating from the home field was all in harmony.

But what was that? A low wail of pain—a long drawn note of agony, and, as Clinton started to his feet, he heard it again, a sobbing, moaning cry in a woman's voice. It came from the haunted wing.

Swiftly, yet without noise, Clinton went to the door of communication, which his hawk like eye had discovered in the daylight.

There was not a sound, not a sign of spectral presence. The door looked very strong, and very firmly secured, but the barrister was determined to fathom this mystery, and he measured his strength against that of the oak with a quiet resolution boding ill to the oak.

"If you don't unlock this door within two minutes, I'll break it open," he said, addressing the spectre through the closed portal, in tones necessarily loud and firm, but respectful.

Piers Clinton was a gentleman, and the ghost was, he had every reason to believe, a lady to whom he had not been introduced; the whole situation was difficult and delicate.

He heard, or thought he heard, in reply to the rich thunder of his challenge, a faint sound, akin to a gasp of terror or surprise, then the silence took possession again, and nobody made any pretense of unlocking the door.

Two minutes, three—Piers Clinton went as far back as the passage would allow, and with all the force he could command, hurled his weight upon the door; the door shook and the fastenings strained.

Again, and again, and yet again, and when the door gave way beneath the last tremendous assault, it took the man by surprise, and, with a crash which must have scared every nightingale from its bough, he stumbled headlong into the room.

It was an ignominious entrance, but when he had picked himself up, Clinton had good reasons to hope it had passed unobserved, for the faint, sweet light which pervaded all things (it was that month in which darkness is unknown) revealed to him neither ghost nor personator of ghosts, nothing but a room charged with dust and mustiness.

There was furniture about, of course, all shrouded ghostily in white wrappers, but there was no more moaning, nor apparently anyone who had moaned.

The door had crashed inwards, breaking from its hinges, and pulling with it some portion of the beautiful oak panelling which lined the room, and Clinton was surveying these evidences of his strength with pardonable pride, when there came rippling out from shadow-land a voice—the voice of Barbara.

"I hope you are satisfied now, Mr. Clinton?"

And there limped from behind the arras—naturally there was an arras in such a chamber, an apparition which might well have been uncanny. Clinton thought it might have been an angel.

Tall and graceful—in white drapery (a Parisian frock), and veiled by a perfect glory of golden-chestnut hair, all unbound and streaming, the barrister had never, even in the best hair restorers' advertisements, seen the like.

"It is you, Miss Barbara?"

"It is I," and she looked at him with the sweetest and most friendly eyes.

"Did you utter that cry of pain just now?"

"I am afraid I did. I fell from a chair with my poor foot twisted under me, and the pain was so intense for a few moments I could not help crying out."

"And you have put yourself to all this trouble, all these pains, to scare me away? Do you think it worth while?" He waxed bitter. She was so unjust, and he was the advocate of justice.

"It is quite worth while." Barbara smiled, then she came nearer and put a hand, actually her own hand upon his coat sleeve, as with another smile, which might have turned the heads—and wigs—of the woolsack, she said:

"But I hope you won't go away, Mr. Clinton. Now, you see what a harmless ghost it is, I hope you won't run away from Red Farm."

"You wish me—to stay?" he stammered like a witness under his own cross-examination.

"I do indeed. I wish you to stay with aunt, you and she get on so nicely together, and I am going away to-morrow."

"You are leaving Red Farm?"

"To-morrow; yes, I hope so." She smiled again upon him, but she limped away, and he was left with his shattered door, and his shattered hopes of a pleasant holiday.

* * * * * *

One hour after midnight, in a ball-room. Lady Vavasour's dances were always popular, but to night her charming rooms seemed more crowded than usual.

"You are not dancing, Clinton," said young Vavasour, a boy trying to act host like a man. "Let me introduce you——"

He broke off, alarmed by the expression of the eminent Queen's Counsel's eyes. They were fixed and staring—gazing at something beyond the range of Vavasour's vision—and they neither relaxed nor changed in their cataleptic stare as their owner let his hand fall with an iron grip upon his young friend's arm, and dragged him forward.

"Be quick, she has passed through the doorway," the deep voice said.

"She will be on the other side, don't you know. What is she like—I mean her dress?" gasping, as they breasted the waves of smart folk, and struggled to reach the door.

"White satin and chestnut hair; I see her again." His arm shot out with a further suggestion of catalepsy, but young Vavasour cried in vast relief, "Why, so do I. It is Lady Barbara Guin. Of course I will introduce you in one moment, old fellow."

The newly introduced couple stood silent until the living waves had swept away again young Vavasour, then from the eloquent Queen's Counsel's fell the words, "Miss Barbara."

"I never deceived you." She uplifted those sweet, those witching eyes. "I told you my name was Barbara."

"Lady Barbara Guin," grimly."

"Oh, what is in a courtesy title? And you, if you please, are now called Q. C. You wear silk, I believe, and your dignity is beyond the comprehension of men."

"Of women, very possibly," with exceeding dryness.

"Oh, women comprehend everything, everything, Mr. Clinton." A bewitching pause, a bewildering shyness. "I have so longed to see you. Is there any place in this dreadful crowd where we can talk for five minutes undisturbed?" Whereupon Clinton vowed that such a place should be found, and presently they stood apart from their fellows, alone together, he and she. They were in a little off-shoot of the conservatory, but Piers Clinton thought he was in Elysium.

"Tell me first," Bar bara began with the old sweet sympathy, "how are all your ailments?"

"Cured, with the exception of the one incurable. No doubt you have forgotten——"

"Ah! no. Is that then no better?"

"Worse—by ten thousand degrees within the last five minutes."

"Poor man. Do you feel too bad to listen to a little story?"

"We can try that remedy; it can do no harm."

"We will try it. Do you remember the first day you came to Red Farm, Mr. Clinton, and the way in which I received you?"

"Will it shorten your story if I tell you at its outset that I remember every word you have ever spoken to me, every glimpse I ever had of you. Lady Barbara, I also have a story to tell."

"Mine comes first," she said, with her natural decision, "and I will brook no interruption. When you appeared so inopportunely at Red Farm, I had just arrived there on a special and secret mission of my own, and I resented your persistent craving after Mrs. Dawson's apartments for this reason.

"The late Lord Tredgold had died, as it was supposed, intestate, and when his nephew, my father, succeeded to the title, he found it barren and empty, for the bulk of the estates were not entailed, and up started Colonel Thessiger, and by virtue of some iniquitous and well-nigh forgotten old will, got possession of everything.

"Our uncle had always promised to leave his property to my father, who was his favorite nephew; in fact, we all thought he had done so, and it was a grievous shock to find that there was no will, and that we were paupers.

"My father determined to emigrate to the colonies, and sink his title, but before that I made an effort. I was standing close by our uncle when he died, and I thought I heard him faintly murmur, 'My will—safe—at Red Farm.' He had spent the previous summer quietly on account of his failing health, in his house at Red Farm, and it seemed possible that he had there made his will and secreted it, but when the whole place had been searched unavailingly, everybody told me I had been mistaken; I must have fancied the words, which had reached no other ears but mine.

"But I dreamed a dream in which I saw myself in the deserted house at Red Farm, with the missing will in my hands; and the vision was so clear and alluring, that it drew me to Red Farm secretly.

"I told nobody of my errand or my hopes, my people indeed believed me to be elsewhere, but there was nothing wrong in my paying Mrs. Dawson a little visit, for she had been our nurse and foster-mother, and we always called her aunt.

"Your appearance disconcerted me, you had not been included in my dream, and I had no revelation that to you I should owe everything."

Her look her smile, took his breath away. Scarce knowing what he did he stretched out both his hands, but, still smiling, she shook her head.

"Listen yet," she said, "I could not keep you out of 'the apartments,' but I excluded you from my confidence, more especially after Colonel Thessiger by a curious chance appeared on the scene!

"Every night I hunted in that deserted house, seeking for secret drawers in cabinets and so forth, but finding no documents, until disappointment akin to despair wrung from me those moans which brought you to the rescue.

"You came in strange fashion, but oh! how blessed was your energy! As you stumbled headlong through yon shattered door, I saw a portion of the oak panelling start out, as if driven forward by the shock which wrenched open hinges and fastenings.

"I saw the gleam of white paper, and I seized the package (from a most cunningly contrived little secret cupboard within the wall-panelling) and I recognized it for the missing will, ere you recovered your equilibrium.

It was my uncle's will, Mr. Clinton, made by himself, but legal for all that, that my father has proved it and regained his lost inheritance. That is my story."

"I heard of the Tredgold will case of course but I did not connect you with the Guins," Piers Clinton said slowly.

"I am afraid I played you a trick," penitently, "in pretending to be the farmer's niece, but there is no harm done."

"No harm done!" he repeated, and looked at her. She had been lovely in pink cotton or white muslin; in white satin which billowed and trailed in gleaming folds about her feet, with filmy lace veiling, and pearls wreathing the velvet-soft arms and neck, with pearl stars pinning the chestnut-gold hair, she was more than lovely—with that look in her up turned eyes, she was more than bewitching.

"No harm done—except—that as the farmer's niece I learned to love you," he said.

The starry eyes fell, a color rushed into

Barbara's face, spreading even to her neck and brow; she stood for once at a loss for words.

"My story is very short." And judge and jury would scarce have recognized the mellifluous, beautifully modulated voice they knew so well, as hoarse, and unsteady, it faltered now, yet it thrilled the heart of the listener.

"When I met you at Red Farm, I knew nothing about you, save that you were different from, superior to all other women; knowing only that, as I saw I loved you. You—the farmer's niece, entered into and filled my life with bliss, with dreams.

"I loved you at sight, I loved you during absence, I loved you to-day, with a force, a might you cannot comprehend, and words are wholly inadequate. I cannot make you comprehend. But I love you with heart and soul to day—for ever."

He straightened himself to his full height and his eyes sought hers.

"That is my story, Lady Barbara."

"Is that all?" It was her turn to falter now, and her sweet lips quivered. "Are you sure that is quite all?" she pleaded.

"You are Lady Barbara Guin."

"Do you grudge me the rank I owe to you?" plaintively.

"I grudge you nothing, not even the heart I have lost and you have won."

"You are not the only person made with a heart," she said, looking down upon the shimmering satin of her robe. "You are not the only person who may lose a heart unconsciously and irrevocably. Men are so selfish that they can monopolize love as everything else, but——"

"Barbara!"

Her glance flashed up radiant.

"I like that. I hate Lady Barbara—from you."

"Miss Barbara, sweet Barbara, you should look higher in marriage than I."

"I will never, never marry anybody else."

"Then will you marry me, Barbara, if——?"

As his voice broke, his arms caught her, and she answered saucily:

"If you were to ask me as if you really wanted me, I might consider the matter, and——"

She never finished her sentence, and as to his further speech, it is unrecorded to this day.

OF MEDICINE BAGS.

THE practice of wearing about the person something to ward off or to cure disease appears to be universal. Among the ignorant and superstitious this still takes the form of an amulet, which may consist of a bit of bone or a dead spider, or of some sacred relic blessed.

Pliny recommended the dust in which a hawk has bathed itself, tied up in a linen cloth with a red string and attached to the body, as a remedy for fever; or a caterpillar similarly used might have the same effect.

The Romans wore bullæ as a protection from evils, and it may be safely asserted that in all ages and all countries similar amulets or charms have been worn as "medicine."

Even the change of religion from Paganism to Christianity did not do away with the superstitious use of charms, but only substituted relics of saints for the older bones and teeth of men and animals; and it is often amusing to read accounts of the doings in this respect of early missionaries among savages, especially in Africa.

In Merolla's Voyage to the Congo, we are told that the wizards bound the children with certain cords, "at the same time hanging around their necks, bones and teeth of divers animals, being preservatives, as they say, against the power of any disease."

The Catholic missionaries ordered women who brought their children to be baptized wearing these cords to be whipped; but the mother was at the same time enjoined "to wear religious relics instead of wizards' mats, to bind their infants with cords made of palm-leaves, consecrated on Palm Sunday, and to guard them with other such relics as we are accustomed to make use of at the time of baptism."

Physicians meanwhile encouraged the use of medicine bags containing strong-smelling drugs as a means of preventing those terrible diseases prevalent during centuries when sanitary science was unknown; and indeed it may be said that, even at the present day, medicine bags of eucalyptus, camphor, or other disinfectants continue to be worn as prophylactics, even by the most highly educated among ourselves, whilst among savages there is almost always some therapeutic element mingled with the amulet in the medicine bag. Cook, in his first voyage to New Zealand, speaks of little bags of perfume worn by the Maoris round their necks.

The medicine bags of the natives of Africa are not so simple as those of the New Zealanders, perhaps because the purposes for which they are required are more complicated. Of these the cure of disease is the least, and the making of rain the most important.

The contents of the rainmaker's medicine bag is charcoal made of bats; inspissated renal deposit of the mountain coney, which is used medicinally in the shape of pills, as a good anti spasmodic; jackals' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, hairy calculi from the bowels of old cows, serpents' skins and vertebræ, and every kind of tuber, root and plant to be found in the country. Among the Zulus and Matabele, the kings are the chief medicine men.

The king of Swaziland is also high-priest, prophet, and rain-maker to his people; and one author says of him. "In a bag of goatskin in his own special hut he has treasures—all sorts of odds and ends. A peep into that bag discloses knuckle bones of men and beasts, pieces of dried flesh, bits of hair, roots and stalks of plants, rocks, scraps of broken bottles, together with an old tattered photograph or two.

"When rain is wanted Umbandine gets his queer bag out. He calls one or two witch-doctors to attend him, and then performs some tricks. An ox is sacrificed, after which his Majesty declares that it will rain."

In this multitude of charms the idea of medicine as a cure for disease seems to be entirely lost sight of; but probably some of them may be used internally, for roots and stalks of plants usually figure among them.

For it may be observed that savages have everywhere discovered the medicinal uses of their native roots and plants, and have in many instances initiated Europeans in their virtues.

The Indians of this country are perhaps of all races the most addicted to the superstitious use of "medicine." The medicine bag is with them an essential of manhood, only acquired after their initiatory fasting, when, having dreamt of the animal henceforth destined to be their totem, its likeness is drawn on bark and hung round the neck, or put in a bag either of the skin of this totem, or of other skin made to resemble it in form, which henceforth contains all the medicine necessary in war or the chase.

The bag of the medicine contains also numerous herbs, sticks, and crystals of special use in healing the sick or bringing rain or other desired blessings.

Among certain tribes there are sacred bags belonging to the tribe, guarded by appointed warriors, which are looked upon as possessed of magical powers, and which are consulted as fetiches upon grand occasions.

Among the Omahas, for example, there are five of these bags, filled with feathers of different birds sacred to the thunder god.

Each of these has a special guardian whose sole work is to bear the bag; and when council is held, the bags are placed in the centre of a circle of warriors and opened by their several bearers, the beak of the bird, of which each is composed, being always turned towards the foe. When on the war-path, the bearers of these scared bags march in advance of the body of warriors.

There are other medicine bags used among the Omahas in their ceremonial dances; some of these are formed of otter-skin.

The otter being a sacred animal among most of the Indian tribes, the bearers of otter-skin bags are restricted to five, whilst others carry bags made of musket-rat or any other animal; sometimes, it is said, of human skin.

But in the midst of all their magical ceremonies and incantations the medicine men do not neglect the use of drugs, for the candidate for admission into the medicine society, is taken into the woods and instructed in the uses and virtues of plants.

It is worthy of remark that one of their chief remedies is to bathe in water in which pine-needles have been soaked; another great remedy employed being sweating or the use of Turkish baths, which apparently form the preliminary to all healing ceremonies, more especially among the Navajos and Zunis.

With these tribes the cure of disease may be regarded as a portion of their religion, and is accompanied by many most singular and elaborate rites, in the midst of which one is somewhat surprised to see a faint recognition of the modern theory of germs; for everything which has touched the sick person is carefully carried to a distance from the tent and placed in a heap beneath the pinon-tree, every one being forbidden to touch it lest they should contract the disease.

The medicine bags of the Navajos, Zunis, and Apaches, all kindred tribes in New Mexico and Arizona, contain a curious powder known as corn-pollen or hoddentin.

This powder, which is the pollen of a rush, and also of maize, appears to be used as a medicine, being eaten by the sick and put on the head or other part to ease the pain, but principally as a sacred offering to the sun and moon, and as a sanctifier of everything.

A pinch of it is thrown towards the sun and then towards the four winds for help in war or the chase, is put on the trail of a snake to prevent harm from it, placed on the tongue of the tired hunter as a restorative, hung in bags round the necks of infants as a preservative, and sprinkled on the dead. In fact, every action of these Indians is sanctified by this powder.

There are many analogies to the use of this sacred powder, both in the East and among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and it is clear that similar practices with regard to "medicine"—that is, magic—have prevailed everywhere and in all ages; for superstition seems to be the universal heritage of man, so deeply ingrained in his very nature that all the efforts of philosophers and 'Thirteen-clubs' will not avail to root it out.

Medicine bags or amulets will continue to be worn open or secretly, not only by the wild Indian and the Kaffir, but by many among ourselves who cling to the beliefs handed down probably from remote prehistoric agaes.

UTILIZING DEAD PETS.—Some ladies with morbid ideas have recently found a new use for dead pets, such as dogs and cats, which is likely to put the stuffed monstrosities, once so dear to the hearts of some pet-adoring ladies, entirely out of fashion.

"Yes, it's quite a new idea to have the skins of dead pets made into purses and handbags, but I have no doubt it will become very general with a certain class of ladies," said a naturalist of whom the writer made some inquiries.

"The idea is not a pretty one to my mind, but different people have different tastes. I should think I have turned eight or nine cat-skins into purses or handbags within the last few months.

"It is generally the cat's skin that is transformed into purses, and the dog's into handbags, because the ladies who favor this peculiar idea are mostly those who keep King Charles spaniels and long-haired dogs, which do not lend themselves to become purses, while the fur of a short-haired tabby does very well.

"I transformed the skin of a black-and-tan terrier into a purse not long ago, however, and very well it looked. The metal work of the clasp and bars—it was a pouch-purse—was solid gold, and a large 'F' in the same metal was inserted in the middle of the purse.

"One day last month a lady came to me with five tabby cats in a box. They had all been poisoned by some persons unknown, she said, and she wanted me to make her a useful handbag and purse out of the skins.

"I was to use a piece of the skin of each cat for both articles, so as to make them of a kind of crazy patchwork, and I was to put the initial of each cat's name in silver upon their respective skins. I did as I was instructed, and the result was a very funny appearance indeed. However, my customer seemed highly pleased, and that is all that was necessary."

SELF-DENIAL.—It is a common mistake to consider self denial as virtue. The truth is that the two are quite opposite in their nature. One is painful, the other pleasurable; one is a struggle, the other is peaceful; one is resistance, the other is harmony; one is negative, the other positive. Virtue in its true and high sense leaves no room for self-denial, for the whole of self is in accord with it. The virtuous man is one who not only chooses the right and the good so far as he can find it, but who wishes to choose it, and is rendered happy by so doing. This is what we call the beauty of goodness, and, as far as it is ever reached, so far has self-denial vanished.

At Home and Abroad.

Speaking of age, an ingenious person has invented a means by which elderly people and invalids can be saved the fatigue of climbing stairs where there is no lift. It is really an electric stair-climber, consisting of a car running on two rails fixed at the top and bottom of the balustrade of the staircase and a box upon which the person stands. The car is moved by an electric windlass through a steel cable which is guided by rollers, and only occupies about twelve inches of the breadth of the steps. It is controlled by the person standing upon the box by means of a lever, going either up or down as may be desired, and stopping automatically at each floor; but it glides on again directly the lever is moved.

It is very satisfactory to learn that the number of seals slaughtered last season is considerably less than it has ever been before. The cruelty and brutality of the sealers in obtaining the skins upon which so many people set a high value as an article of dress are being perpetually exposed, and it would seem that the efforts of those who wish to put an end to this barbarism are taking effect. It is a matter for marvel that any woman, knowing the real facts of the capture, should be willing to clothe herself in a cloak or jacket that is made up of the skins of harmless animals that have been ruthlessly butchered. This decrease is a good sign, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will continue until it is no longer worth while for ships to ply this trade.

It is not generally known that Queen Victoria escaped absolute financial ruin by the merest chance some years ago. A Scotchman dying, left some shares in a great banking concern to the Queen, and the matter was brought before Her Majesty's advisers, who, after considering the question for a long time, decided that it was incompatible with her dignity for the Queen to hold shares in a commercial undertaking. Very shortly afterwards the bank, which was of unlimited liability, failed for a sum of between six and seven millions of money. This unlimited liability meant hopeless ruin for every shareholder, as each one was liable to be called upon for money until the entire debts of the bank were paid off. The first call swept the smaller shareholders; then came those slightly richer, and finally the great capitalists and millionaires holding shares were left penniless. It is impossible to imagine what would have happened had the Queen's advisers counselled her to accept the legacy of a loyal Scotchman.

A little time ago the governor of an English prison was much perturbed by the discovery that the female criminals managed, by some means that he could not fathom, to ascertain the presence of every individual male prisoner sitting on the other side of the high wooden barrier that separated the two sexes in the prison chapel. One day one of the women made an exclamation, showing that she had suddenly become aware that her husband was in the prison, although, according to all prison rules, his presence should have been utterly unknown to her. This incident caused considerable dismay amongst the officials, who were quite at a loss to account for the means by which the recognition had been made. Then a most careful examination of the chapel was made, and the mystery was solved. Although the men and sat apart, and were divided by the high wooden barrier over which it was impossible for them to see, they all faced the communion-table, above which was a large brass ornament. This was so highly polished that it formed a mirror, and consequently the women saw the reflection of every man's face as he passed to his seat. Needless to say the ornament was at once removed.

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Our Young Folks.

IN A DILEMMA.

BY G. B.

FATHER was just finishing the story of his adventures in Africa, when Bobbie ran into the room (for he was late for tea, having been kept in at school for having dipped a large spider in the ink-pot and then chased it all over the leaves of his new copy-book), and so all he heard of it was part of the last remark, of which he only caught the words "on the horns of a dilemma."

Bob was going to ask what it meant, and what the story had been about; but father and mother were called away to see some visitors in the drawing-room, and Dick and Dolly were both in a great hurry, as they had promised to have a grand funeral directly after tea for cook's favorite tabby cat, which had died of overeating, and they ran off without giving him a chance to ask a question.

Bobbie poured out some tea, but it was nearly cold, and there was only a very little jam left, and no cake except a few crumbs.

"Greedy things!" he grumbled, as he put six lumps of sugar in his lukewarm tea by way of revenge, and buttered his bread both sides to make up for the jam.

But even these forbidden luxuries failed to give him the satisfaction he expected, for he was really not a greedy boy, and did not mind there being no cake or jam half as much as he minded not having mother to give him his tea.

While he was making the best of his uncomfortable meal, he began to puzzle over his father's expression, which was one he had never heard before.

It was very tiresome that he should have been late to-night and missed the story, as he had promised to tell the boys all about his father's adventures to-morrow after school, and now he would have no chance of hearing anything, as father had gone out for the evening.

But Bobbie was possessed of a brilliant imagination, and, rather than disappoint his schoolfellows, he proceeded to weave an imaginary tale of perilous enterprise and hair-breadth escapes from the very slender thread of his father's remark.

The next day, directly after school, all the boys crowded round him to hear the story, which was certainly thrilling enough to suit even their taste, for according to Bob, his father had encountered every sort of peril, from shipwreck to being nearly eaten by cannibals, and had fought with and killed every species of animal and reptile, from a boa-constrictor of fabulous size to a Polar bear; which latter statement made the other boys gasp with astonishment, as Polar bears are not usually to be met with in Africa or its neighborhood.

But when one of them ventured to remark on that fact, Bob turned quite huffy, and said in a sulky way that if Owen Major knew so much better than he did what his father saw in Africa, he had better tell the story himself; and as there could be no possible doubt that Bobbie ought to know best, Owen Major was silenced, and Bob continued his tale.

He had got his father half-way up a gum tree, with a gorilla clawing at him from the upper branches and the chief of a cannibal tribe climbing up after him, while a circle of lions, tigers, and hyenas surrounded the tree; and the boys were listening with breathless interest and hair on end, when Bobby dropped his voice to a tragic whisper:

"And at this awful moment father felt his hair seized from above by the fearful gorilla, and his right leg grasped at the same time by the grinning savage, while the wild beasts below howled louder than ever.

"He gave himself up for lost, when, to his intense relief, he heard a loud crackling of the surrounding trees, several of which fell like twigs before the approach of a mighty animal with huge horns which towered above its head.

"It strode through the forest, regardless of the snarling and growling wild beasts, and as it passed so close to the tree where father crouched that its horns almost caught in the branches, he wrenched himself with a tremendous effort from the grasp of his two mortal foes, and flung himself on the projecting antlers, and so escaped from his last and deadliest peril on the horns of a dilemma."

After a moment's breathless pause, Owen Major said: "That's grand! But what sort of an animal is a dilemma? I never heard of it."

Bobbie was [illegible] explanations of that sort, so he merely looked Owen Major all up and down with great scorn and said, as he turned to go home, "Just wait till you go to Africa, and you'll soon find out what a dilemma is, Master Dunce."

That night Bobby heard the true story of his father's adventures, and they certainly sounded very tame after the imaginary ones, for there were no shipwrecks, no cannibals, no fights with wild beasts — only the ordinary amusements and mischances that befall travellers, and a skirmish with a tribe of savages who were easily repulsed, and in describing which his father again used the expression upon which Bobbie had founded his thrilling romance.

"What is a dilemma, father?" he asked when the story was done. "Is it an animal?"

"Dear me, no," said his father, laughing. "Whatever put that in your head? It's a — it's an — Well, you'd better look it up in the dictionary," he concluded, rather lamely.

Bobbie did so, and unfortunately for him, so did Owen Major, and revenged himself for the snub he had received by explaining the matter to the rest of the boys before Bob got to school in the morning.

And the consequence was that to this day it makes Bobbie shudder to hear anyone talk of the "horns of a dilemma."

A TEARFUL TALE.

BY P. S. S.

"HE, he, he! Oh dear, oh dear! He, he, he!"

It was this rippling peal of laughter that startled all the flowers in a big old-fashioned garden one breezy morning.

"What is that?" said a Sweet William.

"It's the Canterbury Bell, I expect," said a Love-lies-bleeding, sadly, shaking one of her long fingers. "She is a giddy young thing. Ah, me! time was when I could laugh like that, but now —" and she swayed herself backwards and forwards, and sighed mournfully.

"Never mind," said the Sweet William; "don't sigh—smell that," and he shook one of his little flowerets on to the ground beside her.

"Ah!" says the Love-lies-bleeding, taking a good sniff. "Beautiful! how do you do it? I don't smell."

"Oh," said the Sweet William, looking at her in a patronizing way, "it's very easy. I—oh, I well, I smell."

"Who smells?" said the Bee, flying up with his little yellow basket on his leg.

"I do," said the Sweet William importantly; allowing the Bee to settle on his open crimson and white flowers.

"Humph!" said the Bee, "you don't seem to have much honey, though. I don't see the good of only smelling. Who's that?" he said, as another tinkling peal of laughter came floating down the path.

"It's that Canterbury Bell, down by the arbor; but she doesn't smell," said the Sweet William hurriedly, as he saw the Bee prepare to fly off.

"It isn't smell I want, it's honey," said the Bee, and—buzz, he was gone.

"Pig!" said the Sweet William, contemptuously.

"What's the fun?" said the Bee, alighting on the Canterbury Bell, who was shaking all over with suppressed mirth. "Can't you hold still?" he exclaimed angrily, the next moment, as he nearly lost his hold, owing to the bobbing about of the bell to which he clung. "You'll spill all my honey!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" laughed the flower, "I can't help it! He is so funny!"

"Who is?"

"Why, the Wind; he does make me laugh so. He just comes up and hides behind that arbor, and pops out on me with a rush, just when I don't expect him. There he comes! Oh dear, oh dear! I'm off again!"

"So it seems," muttered the Bee, "and so am I," and on he went to the next flower, which happened to be a Red-hot Poker.

"What do you want?" said that individual, very stiffly.

"Honey," said the Bee, diving into one of the little cells.

"Well, if I were you I'd stay there, because here comes the Rain."

"Ah, but you pinch," said the Bee, in a smothered voice.

"Oh, you'll soon get used to that; and besides, it's better to be a little pinched than to get wet, isn't it?"

"Yes-es, I suppose it is," replied the Bee doubtfully. "Just hark at the Rain."

"You—he's giving that silly Canterbury Bell a talking to, giggling, senseless little thing! Look at me!" And the Red-hot Poker stood up even straighter than before, and looked very hot in his indignation.

"I can't," said the Bee to himself, and then he listened to the Rain as he came pattering along among the leaves and flowers in a steady way, for his enemy, the Wind, had vanished.

"Hullo! what's this?" he heard him say, as he came to the Canterbury Bell. "You're laughing; now, once for all, I won't have it."

"Oh, please I'm very sorry," said the poor little Canterbury Bell, trembling, and a tear or two appeared on her petals and began to trickle down.

"Well, if I hear you laughing again in that absurd way, disturbing the whole garden, I'll beat you down to the ground, and it'll take more than the Wind to pick you up again. I shouldn't wonder if they were to bring a stick to you," he added warningly.

"Oh, I'll ne—ever do it again," sobbed the poor little thing; and she hung her head and cried so bitterly that the tears ran down her bells and made quite a little puddle round her.

"Well, mind you don't that's all," said the Rain. "And now I'm going: I believe that's the Sun coming."

No sooner had he disappeared, than up came the Wind from where he had been hidden behind the arbor, and set to work trying to cheer up the poor Canterbury Bell; for he felt that it was all through him that she had had such a scolding.

"Oh, I say," he said, "you mustn't cry like that. Look, here are all the other flowers crying for sympathy. It'll never do; you'll all be drowned."

"He says—he'll—beat me down to the ground if I laugh any more, and I c-couldn't help it."

"Never mind, dear," said the Wind soothingly, "he doesn't mean all he says; and though he is rather rough, we could not get on without him, you know; he does us a lot of good.

"Don't you take it too much to heart, my dear. Cheer up! Look, here's the Sun; dry up your tears before he comes this way. He can't bear to see anyone crying."

"Very well," she said obediently, and with the Wind's help she soon regained her cheerfulness, and by the time the Sun shone down on her she was playing happily with the Wind once more; and the Bee, who had come out of his retreat, was congratulating her on the amount of honey she had stowed away in a newly-opened bell—a bell that she had opened out of gratitude to the kind-hearted Wind.

THE JOKE THAT FAILED.—There is an individual in Camden who thought he would play dead, and find out for certain exactly how much his wife thought of him.

Accordingly, he lay down upon his bed, placed an empty laudanum phial by his side, and, holding his breath, awaited events.

Then came the lady. She looked upon the apparent corpse, and wondered what in the world could have induced John to put an end to himself after this fashion. The more she considered the more she marvelled, and at last thought she, too would try an experiment. Perhaps John was not dead altogether; the laudanum might not have taken full effect.

She had heard that a needle introduced into the human flesh would indicate, by the changing of the brightness of the polished surface, whether that flesh was defunct.

John, all unconscious of the treat in store for him, remained silent, enjoying, however, the opinion that, from her manner, Mrs. John would not fade away on account of his passing away.

The lady had no idea of going to the expense of burying a man who was not dead, and, approaching the bedside with throbbing heart and bated breath, she thrust the needle bravely and deeply into John's leg.

John was astonished, and so was Mrs. John, as he jumped up and declared that the whole thing was a joke. He was not much pleased because his wife said she thought it the best joke she had ever known.

John has come to the wise determination that playing dead with that woman is a game which has its disadvantages. We neglected to state that the needle was extracted.

Do not talk beyond your capacity. Unless you are a good swimmer, and know what you are about, do not venture into deep waters. Somebody, before you know it may puncture the bladders which keep you from sinking. Inflated talkers often pass out of sight very suddenly. You are not bound to have an opinion on every topic that is started; at any rate, you are not bound to utter it.

The World's Events.

The tall silk hat first came into common use in Paris in 1797.

The railways of the world carry over 10,000,000 passengers weekly.

One hundred and seventy different species of bees are natives of Great Britain.

It is said that whales can remain under the surface of the ocean for an hour and a half at a time.

Kindling locomotive fires with oil is said to be a complete success, and the cost less than that of wood.

Floors of rubber, claimed to be as durable as asphalt, and cheaper, are being tried in Germany.

When one is lying down, the heart makes about ten strokes fewer a minute than when one is upright.

The Japanese administer the oath by cutting the witness' finger and taking blood to seal the declaration.

The best paid official in the British service is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who receives $100,000 a year.

Of fifty-six cases of typhoid fever, about one-third were said to be traceable to the eating of raw shell-fish.

In Arran, where the maidenhair ferns grow plentifully, some of the inhabitants use it as a substitute for tea.

In Japan there are apple trees growing four inches in height, which bear fruit about the size of currants.

There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the ocean. American alone has 5500 round its coasts.

All the chickens in the western part of French Guinea are perfectly white. It is impossible to find one with a colored feather.

The seventy-two races inhabiting the world communicate with each other in 3,064 different tongues and confess to about 1,000 religions.

The newest thing in letter boxes is a box with an electrical attachment, which will ring a bell in the kitchen when a letter is dropped in.

There are two notable John Hays in London. The other is Lord John Hay, one of the Admirals of the British Navy, who is the son of the Earl of Tweeddale.

Sound can be heard at a great distance during intense cold. In the Arctic regions, people have distinctly conversed in a common tone of voice at the distance of a mile.

A beautiful and costly bicycle was given by a certain bridegroom to his bride as a wedding gift. Four weeks afterward she eloped on it, her escort being an expert wheelman.

Birds are nearly as sensitive in their likes and dislikes as dogs. A bird has to learn by experience that it is safe with a human being before it will respond to kind treatment.

A St. Louis confectioner has converted a bicycle into an ice cream freezer, and mounting his wheel, which, of course, is stationary, he easily freezes a 17-gallon can of ice cream in twenty minutes.

It is now stated that the world will be over-peopled at the end of 176 years. This brings us to the year 2072, when the population, at the present rate of increase, will be 5,864 million people.

About the year B. C. 220 edible serpents were sold at the rate of twenty for 80 cents in the Egyptian markets. They were shipped to Rome. Italian vipers were cheaper, twenty being sold for 15 cents.

A Southern California farmer figured out one dry day that he had walked 300 miles in cultivating an orchard. He thereupon sold his place and moved to town, where, the Otay Press says, he walked 600 miles to find something to do for a living.

Miss Bertha Stoneman, a student in the Botanical Department of Cornell University for several years, who received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy there in 1896, has been appointed Professor of Botany in the Huguenot College, in Cape Colony, South Africa.

Julius Schutze has discovered among the Ute Indians of Colorado a sort of clarinet, which he thinks has a sweeter and more plaintive tone than any of our orchestral instruments. The effect of its sound wafted up to the mountains from the Indian villages he describes as being magical.

Thousands of French silver five-franc pieces annually disappear from circulation. This, according to an official announcement just made by the French Government, is due to a queer belief. When the great Emperor Napoleon first put these coins into circulation it was difficult to induce people to adopt them. Accordingly, he caused a story to be circulated to the effect that one of the coins concealed in its interior a check for $20,000 written on asbestos paper, and directing the Bank of France to pay the finder the money all in five-franc silver pieces. It is in the hope of discovering [illegible] check that so many thousands of five-franc pieces are broken in each year.

SONNET.

BY C. C.

Our yesterdays enthral our morrows still,
By chains no rust of time can wear away,
That with their iron and persistent sway
Serve purposes undreamed of to fulfil
And wake up echoes of the good and ill
In mournful cadence, or a rhythm gay.
Oftimes what fateful sequences are they
Which follow trifling acts of sudden will!
Small streams grow broader as they onward wind,
To reach at last the ever-rolling sea;
Hark back through memory's labyrinth, and we find
Small accidents—if accidents there be—
Had power our future years to free or bind,
And be the factors of our destiny!

THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

Borneo is, as everybody knows, an island in the Malay Archipelago, and as everybody does not know, it is equal in size to Germany and Poland together, or say 270,000 square miles. One of the strangest people of this land are the Dyaks. The worst feature connected with the Dyak character is their temper—they are sulky, obstinate, and sullen when found out or corrected; and they are exceedingly apathetic, nor does there appear any inclination on their part to rise above their low and degraded condition.

As against this, however, we have the testimony of Rajah Brooke that they are a race easily to be modified and improved, especially as they have no prejudices of religion, food, or caste. They are sociable and domestic in their habits, and "from five to fifty families" will live under one roof without coming to blows. In many cases the women are cleverer than their husbands, and their advice is often followed in serious business. They are hospitable, too, and the wayfarer is presented with the best food the house affords—very "high" fish or eggs, clean boiled rice, fruit, and areca nuts.

Girls marry for love; they are not sold as among many primitive peoples. All the courting is done by night in the home of the parents, and if a girl cares for a man she will let him know; if not, no amount of money can win her.

A love story is vouched for as authentic which savors of love a la Francaise. "A young man had proposed to a Dyak girl and was accepted by her, but her parents refused to give their consent, as he was of very inferior birth. Every means was tried to soften their hearts, but they were obstinate, and endeavored to induce her to give up her lover and marry another. In their despair the lovers retired to the jungle and swallowed the poisonous juice of the uba plant; next morning they were found dead, with their cold and stiff arms entwined round each other."

Cases are not of very rare occurrence among the Sakarang Dyaks where disappointed love has sought solace in the grave. There is a Dyak tradition that in the next world there is a hill covered with poisonous uba, beneath the shade of which suicides enjoy undisturbed repose. Here despairing lovers are reunited whose union upon earth was forbidden by harsh and unfeeling parents. And women used to commit suicide to avoid the shame and disgrace of being sold into slavery.

All this implies a belief in the future state. The Dyak, in fact, has many gods for worship, spirits for helpers, omens for guides, sacrifices for propitiation, and ancestral traditions for authority. Their great observance for the dead is the Festival of Departed Spirits. It takes place at irregular intervals, occupies weeks and months of preparation, and severely taxes the resources of the people. But it is necessary, not only as a great social gathering, and to mark the throwing off of mourning, but also as a respectful entertainment of the departed, for whom provision is made as for the living.

The guests arrive during the day, and the feasting begins in the evening, and lasts all night. An offering of food to the dead is put outside at the entrance of the house. The wailer, of course, is present, and her office now is to invoke the spirit of the winds to invite the dead to come and feast once more with the living; and she goes on to describe in song the whole imaginary circle—the coming of the dead from Hades, the feasting, and the return, etc.

The song makes the dead arrive about dawn, and then occurs an action wherein the inter-communication of the dead and living is supposed to be brought to a climax. A certain quantity of tuak has been reserved until now in a bamboo, as the peculiar portion of Hades, set apart for a sacred symposium between the dead and the living. It is now drunk by some old man renowned for bravery or riches, or other aged guest who is believed to possess a nature tough enough to encounter the risk of so near a contact with the sharer of death. This "drinking the bamboo," as it is called, is an important part of the festival.

They are a domestic and sociable people, as we have said, and though the women do most of the hard work, they are not ill-treated. The larger portion of them live in what are called "long houses," which seems an eastern form of the system, adopted for protective purposes in a land exposed to periodical invasions.

One of these houses is 594 feet long, with one front room occupying the entire length of the building. The back part is divided by partitions into the private apartments of the various families, each with a separate door leading from the public apartment. Widows and bachelors occupy the public room, and the "long house" will altogether accommodate four hundred to five hundred men, women, and children. A village may consist of two such houses on posts.

This curious and interesting people have been from time immemorial inveterate "head-hunters," and the taste is by no means yet eradicated. In fact, the present Rajah Brooke tells of some of his Dyaks crying to be allowed to go for heads like children crying for sugar-plums.

Cannibalism, too, was at one time general among them, although no European has seen any traces of it in recent years. They are keen hunters, but wealth is not so much the accumulation of cash as the possession of gongs, brass guns, and jars, of jugs, fowls, and fruit trees.

Grains of Gold.

A willing heart lightens work.

Moderation is a great safeguard.

Make the best of a bad bargain.

Wise people are the most modest.

Change of fortune is the lot of life.

Disease is the punishment of neglect.

Economy is the easy-chair of old age.

Constancy and temperance strengthen virtue.

First be just, then you may be generous.

He who has no shame has no conscience.

An evil conscience is the greatest plague.

Sin and sorrow cannot long be separated.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

Do not esteem too lightly the small things of life, for the whole universe of God is made up of insignificant atoms.

We do not get enough spiritual help all at once to last us forever. It is gradual, and we must look for it constantly.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

Femininities.

She: Have you no relatives? He: None to speak of—all poor.

The woman who objects to her husband's smoking usually keeps quiet about it until she has one.

First wretch: How's your wife, old man? Second wretch: Splendid! Bad cold; can't speak above a whisper.

Young ladies act as sideswomen in a church at Carthage, and since their advent the attendance has largely increased.

A scientist says that bees don't begin to gather honey until they are sixteen days old. This can be called sweet sixteen.

"Jack's wife has insomnia." "Poor creature! That is hard on her!" "No; it is hard on Jack, for she is always awake when he comes in!"

New boarder: What's the row upstairs? Landlady: It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

A bachelor once said that wives who are good needlewomen are like the enemy spoken of in the parable; they sow tares while the husband-men sleep.

Mr. Fusser, picking up young lady's umbrella: I beg your pardon. Young lady, haughtily: I did not speak, sir! Mr. F.: Oh, I thought you said "Thanks."

He, angrily: Was there any fool sweet on you before I married you? She: Yes; one. He: I'm sorry you rejected him. She: but I didn't reject him; I married him.

Miss Robson: I don't think Fred will be long in coming to the point now. Mrs. Robson: Why not? Miss Robson: Because he's beginning to worry about your bad temper.

Mrs. Greensmith: Since I've been married, I've had only one silly wish ungratified. Mr. Greensmith: And what is that, my dear? Mrs. Greensmith: That I were once more single.

"I always try to make as many friends as possible," said the woman who gossips. "Of course," replied Miss Cayenne. "If one had no friends, how could one discuss their private affairs?"

Housekeeper: Half the things you wash are torn to pieces. Washerwoman: Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I count them as only one piece, mum, and only charge for one.

A Scotch woman in humble life was asked one day on her way back from church whether she had understood the sermon, a stranger having preached. "Wud I had the presumption!" was her simple and contented answer.

"There, dear—don't grieve so. Time, we are told, will heal all wounds," said he soothingly. "I know, but just think of the wrinkles he'll leave behind! They're a thousand times worse than any wound!" she replied, with a sigh.

German lady, a widow: Do you know t at my daughter has set her eyes upon you, Herr Muller? Gentleman, flattered: Has she really? German lady: Certainly. Only today she was saying, "That's the sort of gentleman I should like for my papa!"

A young Scotchman was boating with his lady love on a sunny and breezy evening. He asked her tenderly if she would row in the same boat with him for life. "Same as now?" she asked shyly. "Yes, just the same for ever." "Then I will," she whispered, "for I have the helm!"

"Well," said Mr. Spokes, after giving a reluctant consent to his daughter's engagement, and trying to be facetious, "I suppose I shall receive an invitation to the wedding?" "I don't know about that, papa," replied the daughter. "You didn't invite me to yours, you know."

Mrs. Fanciful: The doctor says, James, that if I had a pleasant shock to the system, it would do me a world of good. Mr. Fanciful: Then I can give you one. You know that bonnet of Mr. Dresser's that you so envied? Well, she was caught in the rain, and it's quite spoilt. Now you feel better, don't you?

The bronze statue of Harriet Beecher Stowe, which will soon be erected in Hartford, Conn., will be twelve feet high and will represent Mrs. Stowe, seated with a suppliant figure of Uncle Tom stretching forth a pair of brawny arms, from which hang broken shackles. The statue is the work of W. Clark Noble.

Mrs. Meek: Of course, I am worried. As a dutiful wife, I can't help feeling so, for I am sure my husband is keeping something from me, and I shan't be content until I know what it is. Mrs. Freak: My husband is keeping something from me, too, and I am worried because I know what it is. Mrs. Meek: Indeed? What is it? Mrs. Freak: It's money.

The Duchess of Cumberland, Princess Thyra of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales and of the dowager Czarina, has again broken down and been taken to a private asylum near Vienna. The cause is anxiety on account of the long illness of her son, who was recently subjected to another surgical operation to prevent the decay of the bones of his leg.

Masculinities.

The only difference in the vanity of men is this—some have more than others.

It is often difficult for a man to live within his income; but it is still more difficult to live without it.

It is difficult for one man to give another a piece of his mind without destroying the peace of both their minds.

"Now, Tommie, you must mind me. I want you——" "But——" "I don't want any buts. You aren't a goat." "No, mamma—but I'm a kid."

The last definition of "true philosophy"—Something which enables one to bear the losses of others with resignation and cheerfulness.

Blynkins: That fellow, De Soaque, says some very dry things, doesn't he? Wynkins: Yes, I've heard him say 'Don't care if I do' repeatedly.

Mr. Dobson, to prospective son-in-law: What are your means—can you support a family? Prospective son-in-law: That all depends. How many are there of you?

The porter of the Paris Bourse recently died leaving a fortune of $50,000. He had been employed thirty years at a salary of $280 a year. He evidently got rich on "tips."

"That fellow puzzles me—I can't make out whether he's a philosopher or a fool." "That's easy to find out." "How?" "Call him the latter—if he makes a fuss, he isn't the former."

It is not generally known that when a person falls into the water a common felt hat may be made use of as a life preserver, and by placing the hat upon the water, rim down, with the arms around it, pressing it slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

A sign "I am just married" on a Springfield, Mass., house is attracting considerable interest. It seems that the owner is now on his wedding trip, so his friends thought it advisable to let the neighbors know that a newly married couple were to reside there.

General Rebillot, a retired army officer, 75 years of age, fought a duel in Paris with a young journalist who had offended him by an article in La Petite Republique Francaise. The old gentleman insisted on fighting with swords, and wanted to keep on after receiving a gash over his eyebrow.

A preacher in Alabama, having been publicly criticised for leaving his charge, writes a letter to the Alabama Advocate in which he says that the reason why he left was "because the work paid last year $25.25 with an appropriation of $80 and no parsonage."

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in an address on Sunday, on Boston Common, spoke of his trip half way across the continent, and said: "I travelled by day in order to see the country, and after seeing all the beauty, you can't persuade me that the God who made this beautiful world doesn't like it."

Daniel O'Connell, youngest and last surviving son of the liberator, died at Bedford, England, aged 81 years. He was a renegade to the cause of Ireland, accepting the office of Income Tax Commissioner from Palmerston forty years ago, and subscribing regularly to the Unionist fund to fight home rule.

The Duke de Saint Simon was a man of much talent. He lived in the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He has written some most interesting memories. He was so vain of his birth that Marmontel said of him "that he saw in the nation nothing but the nobility, in the nobility nothing but the peerage, and in the peerage nothing but himself."

Barney Cole, a sexagenarian of West Liberty, W. Va., went to a lot of trouble to commit suicide, only to find that he had overdone the business. He took an auger and a can of powder to the woods, bored a hole in an old log, filled it with powder, plugged it, lighted a fuse, and lay down beside it. The charge exploded and cut up his face, but didn't hurt him beyond recovery.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who remarked, with affected gravity, "I really must not smoke so persistently; I must turn over a new leaf—a tobacco leaf—and have a cigar only after each." here he paused, as if to say "meals," but he continued "after each cigar." When the smile went round the table, he leaned back in his chair, and said, "A foreigner is an alien; a foreigner who drinks too much is a bacchanalian; and may not a foreigner who smokes too much be called a tobacconalian?"

The doctor came into the room, rubbing his hands and smiling.

"Everything all right?" asked the man who was anxiously waiting for him.

"Couldn't be better," returned the doctor.

"Good," said the man, with a sigh of relief. Then, when he saw that the doctor intended to say nothing more, he asked, with some hesitation, "It—ah—boy or girl?"

The doctor stopped rubbing his hands, and looked a little nervous, as if the task before him were not just to his liking.

"Well," he said, at last, "you'll need a tandem wheel for it."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Capes, which are almost as much worn as ever in spite of the revival of jackets consequent upon the diminishing size of sleeves, are seen in great variety, but are all short.

They are full and much trimmed with ruffles, ruchings, plaitings, lace and ribbon, and are worn rather as a finish to the out of door toilet than as a protection.

There are, however, cloth capes slightly longer, which are used for traveling and general service wear, affording warmth and defense from rain. These usually have revers or a capuchon of different cloth, either plain or plaid.

The rage for white gloves shows a slight diminution, pearl gray, suede and mode tints beginning to replace white and cream. This is a move in the right direction, for nothing is less becoming to the hand than a white glove.

Silk and chamois gloves are both much worn for warm weather, as they do not get moist and clammy like suede or kid. Chamois gloves may be washed with soap and water just like a handkerchief, rinsed in clear water and dried off the hand.

When they are completely dry, they will seem quite stiff and unmanageable, but if they are rubbed and pulled for a few minutes they regain their pliability and are as good as ever.

One pretty costume is of lettuce green taffeta. The skirt is adorned with bias straps of Richelieu embroidery, terminating under bows of violet satin on either side of the tablier in front and disappearing at the back under the godets.

The bodice has a very high, folded corselet of green taffeta and a guimpe at the back of Richelieu embroidery which descends in front in two points, forming a chemisette of violet mousseline de soie.

The close sleeves of green taffeta have a slight fullness at the top and are trimmed at the wrists with Richelieu embroidery, which also forms full sleeve caps. Ruffles of white lace at the neck and wrists are enriched by choux of violet satin. The toque of violet silk is trimmed with violet ribbon and flowers.

Tea is excellent for washing black lace, but for white it gives an ecru rather than a yellow tinge. Yellow is very fashionable at present, and is better obtained by an infusion of saffron than by tea or coffee.

It is an unusual thing for a grown person to have a really pretty foot uncovered and subject to a scrutiny which notes all details. The chief reason is that the process of deforming it is begun in childhood.

If tight, hard and ill fitting boots were never worn until maturity, the foot would be uncomfortable, it is true, and somewhat injured, but having had its natural development before being exposed to unnatural conditions, it would not be apt to be ruined by conventional treatment.

In the first place, the wearing of leather shoes, or even kid ones, should be postponed as long as possible. The baby's shoes should be first of worsted, then of cloth, close enough not to slip, but conforming to the shape of the foot.

The cloth shoes should be kept on to the latest age that they can be worn, and after that soft kid should be adopted. The soles may be as strong and thick as use demands, but the rest of the shoe should be soft and pliable.

Short shoes deform the joints, narrow ones produce corns, very loose ones likewise cause corns and chafe the foot as well as wear out the stocking. A well made shoe, which fits the foot and does not squeak, costs more than a common one chosen at hazard, but it also wears much longer and looks better while it lasts.

Those parts of the wardrobe which affect the physical comfort and the shape of the body are the parts which require the most careful attention and are worthy of the most pecuniary outlay where the question of money has to be considered.

A summer cape of black satin is moderately full and is ornamented with revers and double epaulets of heavy Isigny guipure applied over a red lining.

A ruche of black mousseline de soie trims the front, the collar and simulates a pointed yoke at the back, descending in front in accompaniment to the revers.

The cape is fastened by bows of black satin, held by buckles of steel or jet. The crenelated collar of red silk is covered with guipure, and the lining is of white satin.

The servant problem is one which is of universal and painful interest. The world over the question is the same—how to adjust the conflicting claims of servant and employer.

It is true that a bad mistress or master is able to make a great deal of misery for persons employed by her or him, but the advantage is not wholly on the side of the superior in social position.

A servant, especially a domestic servant, is perforce admitted to a great degree of intimacy in the family. She knows its comings, its outgoings, hears much of its private conversation and is quite likely to discover its secrets if it has any.

If she is of a mischievous or gossiping disposition, she can create endless trouble by telling outside what she knows, enlarging upon what she merely guesses at and perhaps supplying missing links by the exercise of her imagination.

What she says is credited because she is in a position to be well informed, and she can falsify with impunity, there being, no redress for the victims.

The servant therefore has a certain advantage, if she chooses to avail herself of it, while it is by no means always safe for the mistress or master to tell even truths, if they are unpleasant ones, about the employee. A case in point really occurred in Paris.

A gentleman, having discharged a cook for excellent reasons, was applied to by letter for information with regard to her character. He replied, also by letter, that she was wasteful, impertinent and inclined to drink. The cook brought immediate suit against him, and he had to pay damages.

Now, it was imprudent of him to tell the truth about the girl; but, on the other hand, is it right to give a bad servant a good character and so insure her admission to families where she may continue her undesirable proceedings? The question is a complicated one, and persons who can avoid it altogether by dispensing with hired personal service are well off.

There have been seasons in times past when one species of clothing predominated and a certain style, severe or elaborate, influenced the entire outfit. Now it is not so.

The well furnished wardrobe contains both simple and elegant tailor made gowns, odd vests, original boleros, jackets of peculiar design, light costumes billowy with lace, ruffles, puffings and furbelows and picture costumes of marvelous effect.

A general taste prevails, so that it is difficult to be out of fashion, and it is to be hoped that this phase of evolution is a permanent one, it is so restful and convenient.

Women who have done much walking during a day's shopping or who have been on their feet to an unusual extent and suffer in consequence from an aching, tired, cramped feeling in the feet and ankles will experience decided relief if they put the feet in hot water—hot as can be comfortably borne—and, after drying them, rub them with alcohol. The cramp which comes in the hollow of the foot does not yield to moderate measures and is very wearing to endure.

A costume of black silk grenadine is a broche pattern. The skirt is accordion plaited over an underskirt of pink silk. The bodice is likewise plaited over a pink silk lining and has a sort of bolero or plastron of ecru guipure, bordered with a narrow guipure embroidered with green and pink.

The sleeves of black grenadine over rose silk have a double plaited puff and epaulets like the bolero. The collar, neck frill and belt are of pink surah, the sleeve frills of white plaited gauze. The hat is of pink satin straw trimmed with rose and green changeable taffeta and daisies.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Many future brides are beginning to plan and prepare for their new home. It is a good plan for these young people to take advantage of the long summer days when freedom from social duties makes several hours of time daily possible for this work.

Begin with your sheets, for which provide thirty-three yards of good medium-weight sheeting muslin. This amount will supply you with one dozen sheets, which should be cut two yards and three-quarters long and a hem two inches wide put at each end.

For the servants it is wise to provide separate beds (making each maid responsible for her own), and it is well to provide unbleached sheeting for these—allowing four sheets for each bed. These sheets may be cut two yards and a half long, and a hem one and a half inches wide is sufficient.

One dozen pillow cases, each one cut one yard and an eighth long, with two-inch hem, will be sufficient, and for the servants' beds, half a dozen pillow cases, with hem an inch and a half wide should be provided.

Four fine white Marseilles bed spreads and four of light material (but white always) will last for several years—although it is an economical plan to purchase a new spread each year, as well as to add one new table cloth to your stock.

Half a dozen bolster cases, cut two and a quarters yards long, with two-inch hem, are sufficient. In regard to tablecloths and napkins, every housewife has a special weakness for these, and the temptation is very strong to provide a large supply—but it is far better to provide one new one each year than to have too many to start with.

Six tablecloths, each two yards long, for every day use, will prove ample; two cloths each two and a half yards long, which may be used when from two to four guests are expected, and two cloths each three yards long, for extra occasions, will prove quite as many as anyone in ordinary circumstances can require.

Six dozen napkins will be plenty, and both napkins and tablecloths should be hemmed by hand.

Six dozen towels and one dozen bath towels will be a liberal allowance.

Dish towels, cloths, dusters, etc., should all be liberally provided, but if four of each of these articles be given out at one time it will be far better than to supply the ordinary servant too liberally.

Be just as particular that these cloths be neatly hemmed as you are about your tablecloths, but the machine may be used for the kitchen articles instead of hand-work.

When the bed rooms are to be papered select paper without a set pattern, for if a set pattern is used it is almost impossible to avoid hunting out the pattern or counting the figures if confined to bed by illness.

For bed room carpets, if first expense is not to be too deeply considered, there is nothing handsomer or more lasting than a Wilton carpet of good quality. These carpets will last for years and are far more easily swept than is a moquette or other carpet with a long nap.

Bureau scarfs with hemstitched border and embroidered ends are handsome and provide pleasant work for summer afternoons.

This is such a labor of love that any prospective bride will, I am sure, agree with me that a summer spent in providing these articles is a happy one, and the time will fly as if on wings when occupied with such delightful work.

While tomatoes are ripe and plentiful they are excellent to remove freckles and muddiness from the skin. A woman with a peach-like bloom on her skin declares she has used nothing else besides soap from her girlhood.

A thorough rubbing of the skin once or twice daily while the season lasts with a ripe tomato will work wonders, and if this is found to be the very thing for certain complexions the canned may be used occasionally through the winter; those canned nearly whole must be chosen, as they are the least cooked and are more efficacious in the raw state.

Glassware is so constantly broken in the washing that it is well to have this simple rule impressed upon the mind of the maid who has its care in charge. A glistening, polished surface can be best attained by immersion in hot, soapy water, followed by thorough rinsing in another water equally warm.

If the glass is put into the pan and the water added it is pretty sure to crack; if it is added to the water there is no danger whatever, no matter how great the heat. Servants seem slow to understand this difference, and sometimes demonstration is better than theory, since the matter depends entirely upon how it is done.

A woman hates worse than anything else the cleansing of the bread pan or bowl after having made up a "batch" of bread. Unless absolutely necessary to put the bowl away at once, fill it with cold water and let it stand for an hour. By that time all the hard particles will have become softened and fallen to the bottom of the bowl.

The practice of putting the bowl and molding board away unwashed, in the flour bin, as so many do, is most reprehensible. The tiny particles will work off into the next lot of dough and ferment in the raising, and often spoil a whole baking of bread, while the baker is wondering what possesses the stuff.

Absolute cleanliness should always be observed in attending to bread, cake or pastry cooking to obtain the best results.

If at any time your sink becomes greasy, do not waste time and strength scouring it, but take a little gasoline in a dish and with a cloth wash the sink thoroughly. You will find that it will come out clean with very little work.

Gasoline cleans tins nicely also. Care must be taken not to take the gasoline near the fire. So many accidents occur, but all through carelessness. Nothing is better to clean kid gloves than this fluid. Take about a pint of it in a bowl and put the gloves in and wash them as you would a handkerchief. White gloves may be cleaned this way until worn out and each time look fresh and nice. When the sink pipe becomes clogged with grease or slime, put in a few spoonfuls of the lye and pour several quarts of hot water down; it cleans the pipe out like a new one.

If this is done occasionally, there will never be trouble about the pipe filling up or freezing, for it keeps the passage clear and free from any refuse. The closet should have an occasional bath of lye water to keep it clean and disinfected.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

A PAIN REMEDY.

For nearly fifty years this wonderful remedy has proved itself the best, safest and surest antidote for pain in the world.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

In using medicines to stop pain, we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Ether, Cocaine and Chloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, when the patient loses the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it masks the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without assailing the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES

No matter how violent or excruciating the pains the Rheumatic, Bed-Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

A CURE FOR

SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

No bad after effects (which are invariably the sequel of dosing with opium, etc.,) will follow the use of Radway's Ready Relief, but the bowels will be left in a healthy normal condition.

A half to a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatuency and all internal pains.

MALARIA,

CHILLS AND FEVER, FEVER AND AGUE CONQUERED.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with this terrible foe to settlers in newly settled districts, where the Malaria or Ague exists, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, take twenty or thirty drops of the Ready Relief in a glass of water, and eat, say, a cracker, they will escape attacks. This must be done before going out.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarial, bilious and other fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Be Sure to Get "Radway's."

The Run on the Bank.

BY C. S. J.

The busiest hours of the day were over; but the roar of traffic could still be heard in the great lamp-lit thoroughfares of the city, when a smart brougham drew up at the entrance to Change Alley. A woman in a hooded cloak of Russian fur lowered the window and looked out.

"Can the house of Durant be in a narrow court like this?"

She spoke with a slightly foreign accent, while glancing round at a girl beside her.

"Vera, how should I know?" said she, with a shrug of her shoulders among the cushions.

The woman in furs hastened to alight.

"Now," she whispered, "give me the box."

It was an oblong despatch box of black Russian leather. She slipped it under her arm; then, drawing her hood more closely round a small, bewitching face, she passed into the shadows of the ill-lighted court, and out of sight.

Ivan Durant, sole partner in Durant's great banking house, rented a superb mansion in Portland Place. He was busily occupied over a heap of papers on his library table on this particular evening, when a telegram was placed in his hand. It ran as follows:

At Covent Garden — why don't you come?—MARGARET.

Durant glanced at his watch. It was nearly midnight. What had possessed him? He had promised to join Lady Glentwick and her daughter in their box at nine o'clock!

So immersed had he been in business affairs, however, that even Margaret Glentwick—the heiress to whom he had lately become affianced—had held no place in his thoughts.

He now drove to the Opera House in all haste. Lady Glentwick's reception, in spite of his profuse apologies, was stubbornly unbending; and after the first greeting was over she swept into a front seat and turned her back upon him. Contrite in heart, Ivan took the vacated chair beside Margaret.

"It was inevitable," he pleaded. "These are exceptionally busy times."

"I've no doubt they are! We are getting quite uneasy about you." And she leant back with placid unconcern.

"Uneasy, Margaret—why?"

She spread out a large scarlet fan.

"What's all this about your bank? We have been told in strict confidence," said she, "that a crisis is imminent. Mademoiselle Volkovitch has brought the news by the North Express. If you had come a moment sooner you would have seen her here. She has been in our box nearly all the evening with her charming French companion. Didn't you meet two lovely women on the stairs?"

"Possibly. The staircase is crowded." She darted a sudden look into his face.

"Ah, you know her! Why try to hide it from me?"

The fall of the curtain at this moment saved Durant from awkward explanations; and when he had seen Lady Glentwick and her daughter into their carriage he drove back to Portland Place. He had clearly perceived in Margaret's manner—in the tidings that had reached her concerning the bank—that all must soon end between them. The brilliant alliance—she had inherited the big Glentwick brewery—would be broken off; and he——

Ivan Durant began to realize that he would presently see nothing but utter ruin staring him in the face. His affairs at the bank were drifting into a state of hopeless embarrassment. Within the next few days—to-morrow possibly—the crash might come.

He began to pace to and fro in his library like a man haunted by a swarm of demons—demons whose suggestive whisperings terrified him, but whom he had no longer the force of will to repel.

He had pressed his hands to his ears as if to shut all the horror of it out; but the whisperings seemed the louder. It maddened him. A look of blank despair gathered in his eyes, and a cry of surrender at last escaped his lips.

He stepped towards a bureau in a shadowy corner—for his reading-lamp only lit up a limited space—and resolutely unlocked it. A minute later a sharp report rang out; and Ivan Durant was lying prone upon the floor, face downwards, a revolver clutched in his hand.

* * * * *

The rumor that Durant's Bank was threatened with a crisis—a rumor that had winged its way from some ice-bound Baltic port—had spread rapidly. It now lowered over Change Alley like a black cloud. Yet nothing hitherto had been detected in the lean faces of Durant's snuff-besprinkled clerks to awaken an iota of alarm.

But the morning had now dawned when John Maddison, the manager, standing over the fire in the old bank parlor—wondering what could keep Mr. Durant from his post at such a moment—first caught the murmur of panic-stricken voices in the court.

He was an elderly, white-headed man, who had witnessed a similar crisis in the time of Durant's grandfather. He took off his spectacles and rubbed away the moisture with his silk handkerchief in a deliberate manner.

Then he glanced at his watch. It was half past eleven. There was only a short day before him—four hours and a half—for satisfying the claims of exacting clients. His wrinkled face grew set and resolute.

A clerk came hastily in.

"What is it? Why don't you knock?"

"A letter, sir. I beg pardon."

Maddison turned his back upon the man and broke the seal. A look of consternation came into his face. But he quickly mastered the look and confronted the clerk as he was about to go out.

"Stop!" said he, in a voice that was marvellously calm for an old man. "Mr. Durant cannot be here to-day."

"No, sir."

"But no customer—no one must suspect his absence. No one must be allowed to pass beyond the ante-room on any pretext. Will you bear this forcibly in mind?"

John Maddison took Durant's place. And now that irritating murmur of discontent emphasized by the shuffling of intolerant feet—that shivering clink of gold—gold that was ebbing steadily—never ceased all day to pester the manager's brain.

But in spite of everything his face lost none of its stern defiance. He stood with his back to the fire, bending his almost dwarfish figure slightly forward, his expressive hands closed firmly behind him. He was a man of magnetic power—one who possessed the gift of instilling confidence while superintending the direction of affairs.

The night closed in. The one lamp in Change Alley was now lighted; Maddison could plainly distinguish by its glimmer the still mistrustful faces in the crowd.

Then his own lamp was lighted, his blind drawn down. He felt a sense of inexpressible relief. The hour had come at last for closing the bank doors.

The clerks were gone, and none save himself and the night porter remained within. He sank into a chair. At this moment his eye chanced to rest upon an oblong despatch-box on Ivan Durant's desk, close to his elbow. He touched a hand-bell at his side.

The porter came in.

"What box is this?"

"One left here by a lady last night," was the reply; "lady in furs. 'For Mr. Durant,' says she, and then, afore I could so much as look at her, she was gone."

The instant the porter had left the bank parlor, John Maddison locked the door. Among the letters on the desk addressed to Ivan Durant there was one fastened with a black seal.

Maddison broke this seal unhesitatingly, and took out a small gilt key. With this key he unlocked the despatch-box and lifted the lid.

Next moment this iron-nerved old man and sunk back, trembling from head to foot.

"Bless me!" and he grasped the arm of his chair with grim energy—"it's millions!"

* * * * *

Meanwhile Durant was lying in a darkened room, lingering between life and death. At last, consciousness was restored, and he slowly progressed towards recovery.

For many a day and night, when those who tended him glided like shadows to and fro—he had fanciful, fleeting visions of a form that persistently resembled that of Vera Volkovitch, bending over his pillow with anxious concern and solicitude.

Yet never, until the morning upon which he was wheeled to the fireside, did these visions take material hold upon his mind.

But now there came back the memory of his love for her—in the days before Margaret Glentwick had entered into his life—and with it the recollection of the time when he would have made her his wife but for the strenuous repulse of her guardians.

Those day-dreams of long ago had recurred as he sat there in his intolerable loneliness when the very being that filled his heart stood before him.

"Vera!"

She came slowly forward and rested her hand soothingly upon his.

"Good-bye," said she. "The peril is over. You will no longer have need of me."

He looked up gratefully into her face.

"Don't go! At least," said he, while taking her hand in both his own, "stay a moment more and help me to understand what all this really means. I have no friends now, and I deserve none. I am a despicable coward! All this kindness you have shown in watching beside me during my suffering was undeserved.

"Why hadn't I the moral courage to face the ruin that has fallen upon me? What would your grandfather, my good friend Prince Volkovitch, have thought? It is well he has not lived to witness the dissolution that has overtaken our house. It would have sorely grieved him."

For a while Vera Volkovitch made no answer; but presently she spoke.

"Are you sure that the ruin you refer to," said she, "has actually overtaken you?"

"Don't ask me. I've not dared to mention my affairs to anyone—not even to Maddison. Can you doubt my cowardice now?"

"The doctor forbade all talk upon the subject until to-day. Now tell me—what if disaster had not overtaken the house after all?"

Ivan flashed a searching look at Vera.

"What if the spirit of your friend—the good Prince Volkovitch," she went on, "still watches over the great banking-house in which he took so much interest during his lifetime? What if, through his generosity, you have been saved from the dissolution which threatened when the crisis came."

"Vera—it cannot be!"

And yet, as Ivan Durant presently discovered, the unexpected had come to pass. The run on the bank had been arrested in the nick of time.

It was all explained to him that same afternoon by Maddison, who came to his room with the magic despatch-box, and related the affair briefly to the astounded banker.

It was found that, owing to the falsification of Prince Volkovitch's last will and testament, Ivan Durant had been kept out of a huge legacy amounting to over two millions sterling.

Through the shrewdness of a lawyer in Paris, the artifice had been exposed; and Vera, who had taken an active interest in the affair, had instantly started for London with all needful documents; and, but for Durant's want of moral courage, the run on his bank would have never occurred.

Vera was ultimately induced to abandon all thoughts of returning to St. Petersburg. She became Ivan's wife, for the first letter that Durant opened, when his recovery had been assured, was one from Lady Glentwick, forbidding further visits to her house.

But it had been through the diplomacy of Durant's worthy manager that Vera had been persuaded to give her aid in tending Ivan during his illness; and the banker's reward was a pension which enabled John Maddison to live in luxury for the rest of his days.

WE DRINK ANIMALS.

It is a popular fallacy that each drop of water we drink is teeming with more or less pernicious germs and that every time a thirsty man consumes a glass of nature's beverage he runs the risk of engulfing a choice and varied assortment of typhoid bacilli, scarlet fever micrococci and other unspeakable microscopic monstrosities.

The idea is all wrong, of course, but there is some truth in it—that sort of half truth that is ofttimes worse than no truth at all.

That there are micro-organisms in the purest water is perfectly true. Even distilled water is not quite free from them. But they are mostly quite harmless, good natured little chaps, with no more malice, so to speak, in their composition than a 2-months-old baby.

In all there have been discovered in ordinary unfiltered water about 1,500 species, and an average sized tumbler of drinking water will contain from 500 to 1,000.

But do not be alarmed and proceed to forswear "Adam's ale" for some more potent beverage. They are so infinitely tiny that if it were possible for a man to drink all the water that ran through his tap in a week he would not have consumed more than one hundredth part of an ounce of foreign matter.

One of the most common organisms found in water is the amœba. It is one of the lowest forms of animal life, being really nothing more than a piece of jelly. Amœbæ are quite as nutritious as gelatine, and when it is reflected that it would take about 50,000,000 of them to make a decent sized pudding no one need shudder if he unconsciously drink a couple in a glass of water.

Another wild looking but perfectly harmless little beast is the sun animalcule. It is also jelly-like, and the formidable spines are softer than the finest down.

The infusoria are among the prettiest as well as the smallest of all micro-organisms. They average about one-two-millionths of an inch in diameter, and an army corps of them would find no difficulty in drilling on the point of a needle.

They make good infinitesimal fish food. They can make water very unpleasant to drink by imparting to it a fishy taste and odor, but to do this there must be at least 400,000 in each cubic inch of water, whereas up to now there have never been found in ordinary drinking water more than 1,000 per cubic inch.

Perhaps the most unpleasing creature yet discovered in the water we drink, and the kind most calculated to shake the firmness of even the staunchest of tectotalers, is the cyclops.

It is a member of the great family of crustacea, to which lobsters and shrimps and crabs belong, and is exactly like them in shape. If one could be made one thousand times as big as he is, he would be as large as a shrimp.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.—Maine takes its name from the province of Maine in France, and was so called in compliment to the queen of Charles I, Henrietta, its owner.

New Hampshire, first called Laconia, from Hampshire, England.

Vermont, from the Green Mountains. (French: vert mont.)

Massachusetts, from the Indian language, signifying the country about the great hills.

Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant.

Connecticut's was Mohegan, spelled originally Quon-eh-ta-cut, signifying "a long river."

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II, granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carter, after the Island of Jersey in the British Channel, of which he was Governor.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, and the word "sylvania," meaning woods.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, Governor of Virginia.

Maryland receives its name from the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth, unmarried, or virgin queen.

The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I., and Georgia in honor of George II.

Florida gets its name from Pasquas de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowers."

Alabama comes from a Creek word, signifying "the land of the rest."

Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi derived its name from that of the great river, which is, in the Natchez tongue, "the father of waters."

Arkansas is derived from the Indian work kansas, "smoky waters," with the French prefix of "ark" a bow.

Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "the river with the big bend."

Kentucky is also an Indian name—"Kain-tuk-ee," signifying "at the head of the river."

Ohio is the Shawnee name for "the beautiful river."

Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for fish-weir or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested.

Indiana's name came from that of the Indians.

Illinois' name is derived from the Indian word "Illini" men, and the French affix, "ois," making "tribe of men."

Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian name for a wild, rushing channel.

Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri River.

Kansas is an Indian word for smoky water.

Iowa signifies in the Indian language "the drowsy ones," and Minnesota "a cloudy water."

Humorous.

A married man in words unkind,
And with much emphasis avers
His wife destroys his piece of mind
By giving him a piece of hers.

Cash advances—Courting a rich woman.

Not an eye for the beautiful—A glass eye.

The smallest bridge on earth—The bridge of the nose.

Motto for the dancing season—Hop on—hop ever.

The policeman should watch that others may not prey.

As a rule, when a play does not "run" the actors walk.

A perpetual strike—A bass drummer is continually striking for wages.

To prevent the hours from dragging—Apply the spur of the moment.

Why are the rails of a railway like a blanket?—Because they are laid on sleepers.

Although not talkative at all, the oyster is a very pleasant companion at dinner.

He: And will you miss me when I'm gone?

She: With pleasure!

Why may sugar-tongs be said to be like matrimony?—Because they are a pair of spoons united.

What is the difference between a nautical novelist and a tea-merchant?—One lives by sea-tales, the other by tea-sales.

Before the wedding day she was dear and he her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

Some men seem to be fond of hugging delusions, and it may be that they got in the habit because girls are such delusive creatures.

A scientist has discovered that Mauna Loa, the volcano in the Sandwich Islands, throws mud 120 miles. This beats the newspapers.

Traveler in Ireland: I don't see how it is you people keep in such good humor.

Irishman: Sure, we niver have enough to ate to get bilious!

"Uncle George, what is success in life?"

"It's gettin' ither folk tae think as highly o' ye as ye think o' yersel'."

Mrs. G., as her husband departs for his club: If you're any later than midnight, I sha'n't speak to you!

G.: I hope you won't, dear!

He, telling of a hair-breadth escape: And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves.

She, breathlessly: Oh, how glad you must have been that they had muzzles on!

Laundrymen are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

"Pathrick, me bhoy, you've had quoite enough to dhrink," said the genial host. "Take me advoice. When ye get to the top of the sthreet, ye'll see two cabs; take the first, because, begorra, there's only wan!"

Fare, who has just tendered the "legal": I'm not such a fool as I look, my man!

Cabby: No; but I wish yer was!

"On the right," said a Killarney guide to a party of tourists, "ye'll see a cascade called 'The Maiden's Tears,' and on the left a cascade called 'The Widow's Tears,' 'cause it dries up the quickest."

First editor: Can you give me an equivalent for "fired with enthusiasm," Jack?

Second editor: Certainly, my boy! Write it "ejected with cheerful alacrity."

Advertisement in French newspaper: "Fritz X——, an experienced accountant, desires a place as cashier. In the interest of the security of patrons he would state that he is afflicted with two wooden legs."

A sailor is not a sailor when he is a board; a sailor is not a sailor when he is a shore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man with as much fierceness as he could assume.

"Well, said the young man, standing first on one foot and then on the other, "I suppose I'll have to be if I marry Mamie."

Bagley: Bailey, you have a general reputation for talking to yourself in the street.

Bailey: Yes, you see, I like to talk to a sensible man, and I like to hear a sensible man talk.

Miss Modern: I have brought this book back. Mamma says it is not fit for me to read.

Librarian: I think your mother must be mistaken.

Miss Modern: Oh, no, she isn't! I've read it all through.

TREE-CLIMBING IN BURMA.

In the course of my frequent wanderings in the jungles of Burma, I occasionally noticed a number of pegs stuck one above another high up in some huge tree. That they had been fixed there to help a man in climbing, and by one who had so climbed, was evident, but in what way they could have been fixed, and how, after being so fixed, it was possible to climb by their means, I was at a loss to understand; because it was plain that, if used as steps for the feet, the weight of a man's body would deflect them, and the man would inevitably fall off, as they were but slender pegs, and had no visible support other than that given by the tree.

The trees in which these pegs were seen were of great height and girth, sometimes eighty or a hundred feet from the ground to the first bough, and offered no projection of any kind which could be utilised by hand or foot, and were far too bulky to be clasped round.

All I could extract from my native followers, generally Burmans, in reply to my questions on the subject of the pegs, was that they were placed there by Karens to enable them to climb the tree to get at the wild bees' nests and take the honey.

So for a long time my curiosity remained unsatisfied. But eventually fortune favored me. On a subsequent occasion, this time accompanied by a friend, I again caught sight of the familiar pegs, and pointed them out to him; he was as puzzled as I had been to amount for their position.

It happened, however, luckily on this occasion that we had two or three Karens in our company, and they, when they were told our surprise, offered to show us practically how the thing was done.

We halted accordingly, and, sitting down, watched their proceedings with considerable interest. It was rather a lengthy business, and I will try to describe it, as it will probably prove as new to my readers as it was to ourselves.

The first thing done was to select and cut down two or three bamboos of suitable length and size, say thirty or forty feet long, and about as thick as a man's wrist or forearm, and then to cut and trim into shape several dozen bamboo pegs about a foot long.

This done, and the material being now ready, the men proceeded to chop out a hole on both sides of the bamboo just above the septum (or joint, if you will) all the way along, sufficiently large to allow the pegs to be pushed through.

And now the man who was to ascend the tree rested one of the bamboos against the trunk, having first cut a notch out of the top—the use of which will appear presently; then, filling his bag with the pegs, and having a piece of wood in his hand to serve as a mallet, he made preparation for the ascent.

Approaching the tree, the Karen takes a peg out of his bag, and pushing it through the lowest hole in the bamboo, drives the sharpened end into the tree; then a second peg through the second hole, and so on upwards, a peg in every hole, as far as he can reach standing on the ground.

Thus far all was easy enough; but at this point, as it appeared to us, the difficulty began. What would the man do next? There was no hesitation, however.

If I have succeeded in making myself understood, it will be apparent to the reader that the pegs, thus inserted, were supported at one end by the trunk of the tree, at the other by the bamboo on the septa of which they rested, the trunk of the tree corresponding to one side-pole of a ladder, while the bamboo represented the other pole, the pegs themselves forming the rungs.

Without any hesitation, the Karen put one foot on the lowest rung—there being just room for it between the tree and the bamboo—and, raising himself from the ground, he inserted and drove in a peg above the last which he had been able to put in while standing on the ground. Then, with his other foot on the next rung, he again drove in a peg higher up, and so on.

Ascending rung by rung, he fixed peg after peg, one above another, until he had reached the top of the bamboo—that is, the end of the first pole.

With increased interest and some nervousness, we watched to see what he could possibly do next, as the difficulty of farther ascent now seemed really insuperable.

Still no hesitation. One of the men below handed him up a second bamboo in which holes as described had been already cut, taking the precaution first to make a notch at the bottom of it to correspond with and fit into the notch previously cut in the top of the first.

This bamboo the man above took hold of, balancing and raising it perpendicularly hand-over-hand until he was able to place the bottom of it on the top of the first, notch in notch.

He then proceeded to deal with this second bamboo exactly as he had done with the lower one, driving in pegs one by one as he went up step by step from the bottom to the top, where he now stood, quite at his ease apparently, ready to receive yet a third bamboo which his fellow below was preparing to reach up to him by himself going up the lower of the two already fixed.

This, however, we would not allow: we had seen enough. Nothing further was to be gained, as the feat had been performed simply for our gratification, and we were heartily glad when we saw the man safe at the bottom again.

The mystery of the pegs was solved: those I had seen far up on a tree, here and there, were a few that had withstood decay after the bamboos had fallen or been removed, and probably had been in the tree for several years.

Now, I do not know if the extreme difficulty of the above-mentioned performance has been sufficiently realized. To us who witnessed it, it appeared wonderful—so much so, indeed, that had we been only told and not seen it, we should have been slow to credit the truth of the story.

It should be remembered that the bamboos were in no way fastened to the tree, because the pegs had no heads to them and projected but a little way outwards.

They did not act as nails, only as supports; consequently, had the climber, in any part of his ascent, leaned over so little outwards instead of inwards and towards the tree, the bamboos must inevitably have slipped off the pegs and fallen, hurling the man to the ground.

This appears to be the most astonishing part of the performance—I mean, the perfect balancing of himself on such an insecure foundation all the time his hands were occupied with building his own ladder!

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.00, 10.20, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.06, 4.10, 6.00, 8.24 (dining car), 11.58 p m. Sundays 4.00, 10.20 a m, 12.04, 4.10, 6.00, 8.24, 11.58 p m.
Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train) 5.00 (dining car), 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 (dining car), 9.00 p m, 12.15 night.
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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00, 10.35 a m, 6.15 p m.
For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 6.00, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 7.45, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.
For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m, 7.45 p m. Accom. 7.00 a m.
For Gettysburg, week-days—8.35, 10.10 a m. Sunday—4.00 a m.
For Chambersburg, week-days, 8.35 a m, 4.05 p m.
For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 6.15 p m.
For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m 4.05, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sunday—Express 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 1.42 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.
For Danville and Bloomsburg, week-days, 10.10 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut St. and South St. Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 1.30 (Saturdays only), 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.00, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.
Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY, OCEAN CITY AND SEA ISLE CITY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays—Chestnut street, 9.15 a m., South street, 9.00 a m. Additional for Cape May, week-days 2.15 p m.
Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 832 Chestnut street, 1005 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.
Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.